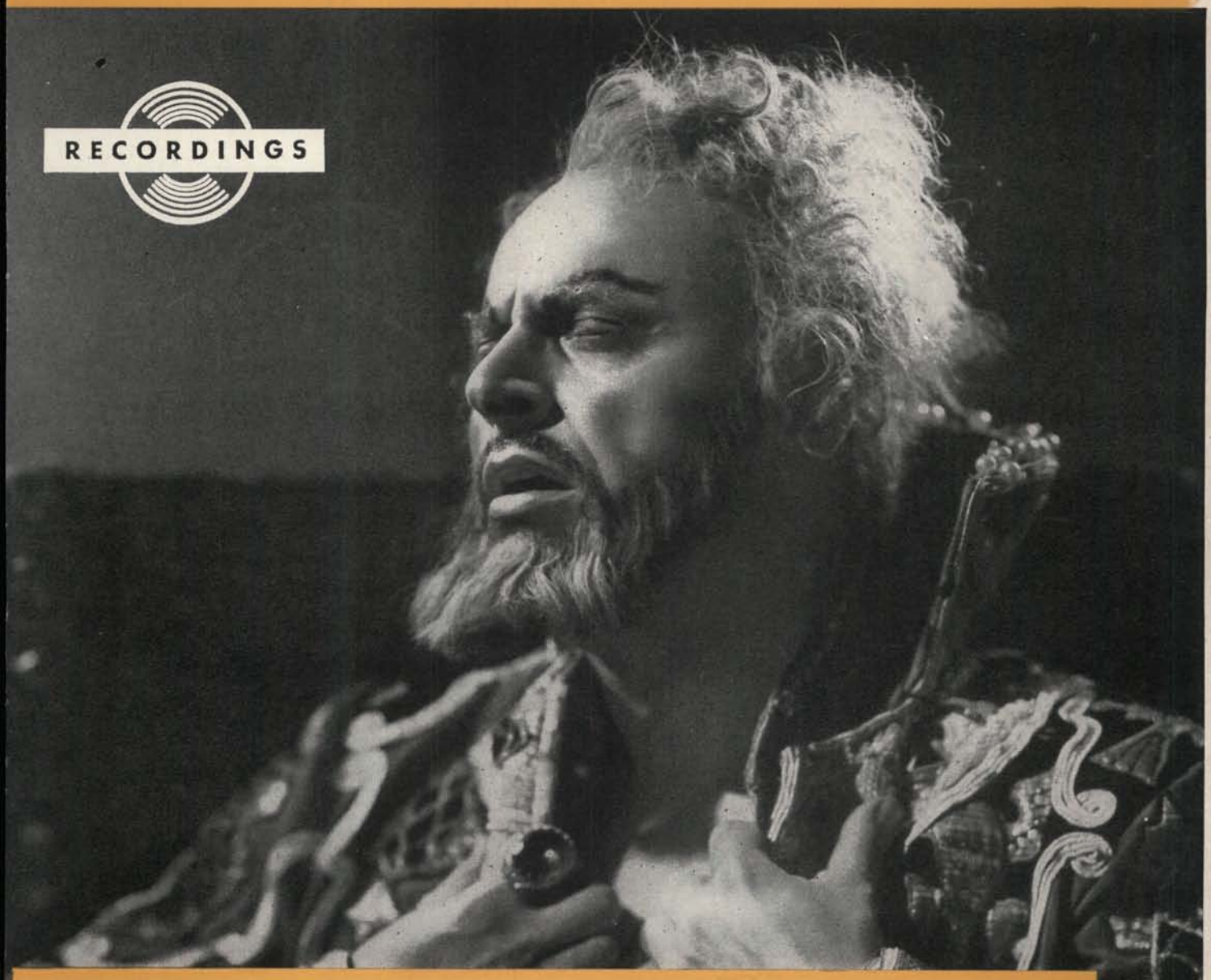
Saturday Review

GUST 25, 1956 / 20¢



Boris Christoff (top), who makes his American debut in San Francisco next month, and Feodor Chaliapin (above), as "Boris Godunoff." (RECORDINGS, page 33)

"BORIS" IS AS BORIS DOES

By Victor Seroff

THE LEISURE OF THE THEORY CLASS

By T.V. Smith

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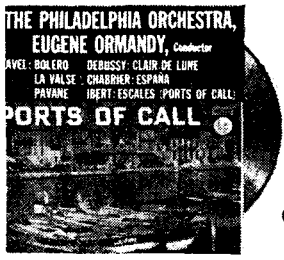

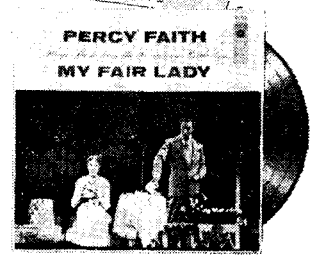

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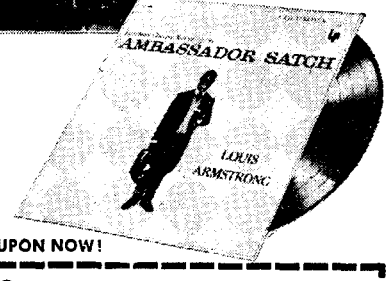

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The Saturday Review

AUGUST 25, 1956

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THE SATURDAY REVIEW, published weekly by Saturday Review, Inc., 25 W. 45th Street, New York 36, N. Y. E. De Golyer, Chairman of the Board; Harrison Smith, President; J. R. Cominsky, Publisher, Executive Vice President and Treasurer; Norman Cousins, Vice President; Nathan Cohn, Assistant Treasurer and Business Manager; Robert A. Burghardt, Advertising Director; Bert Garmise, Circulation Director; Ray Goodman, Circulation Manager; Marion Urmy, Assistant to the Publisher. Subscription $7 a year; $8 in Canada. Member Audit Bureau of Circulations. Printed in U.S. Vol. XXXIX, No. 34. August 25, 1956. Re-entered as second-class matter January 11, 1952 at the Post Office in New York, N. Y., with additional entry at Philadelphia, Pa. under the Act of March 3, 1879. Indexed in the "Readers Guide to Periodical Literature." Entire issue copyright 1956 by Saturday Review, Inc.

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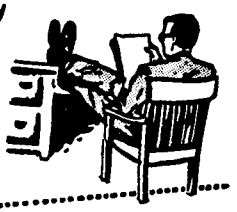
Editor at Large



As my friends return from their vacations, I have been taking an informal poll on the reading facilities of the nation's resort spots.

From the various hotels, motels, beach cottages, mountain cabins, and other places they have visited, the report has been the same: inadequate lighting, uncomfortable chairs, intrusion of over-zealous social directors, and noise in general.

Of course, there are a few bright, and quiet, spots, but it sometimes seems as though a confirmed reader is better off staying home.

I don't know what we can do about the resorts, but I do know that if you have a good enough book to read you can quickly become oblivious to even the most unfriendly surroundings. And so I would like to recommend a few recent books to seize and hold your attention.

There is "Lady Sings the Blues," a frank account of a harsh life by jazz singer Billie Holiday; and "Spirit of the Wild," fine essays on animal life, some of which have appeared in *Sports Illustrated*, by William J. Long.

In fiction, there is "The Prophet and the King," Shirley Watkins' novel about Samuel and Saul, which some reviewers have compared to "Joseph in Egypt," and which even *Time* liked. In history there is "A History of Rome," an Anchor Books paperbound original, by Moses Hadas. And for moments when you want to relax your eyes, there is "The New Complete Hoyle," which tells you how to play any game you have ever heard of, from poker and bridge to Canasta and Scrabble.

Whether you want to take your chances on the road or decide to stay home, or if your vacation is behind you, I think you will find one or more of these books will add to your enjoyment of these final summer weeks.

L. L. Day

EDITOR-AT-LARGE

"Lady Sings the Blues," ($3.75) by Billie Holiday, with William Dufty; "Spirit of the Wild," ($4.00) by William J. Long; "The Prophet and the King," by Shirley Watkins ($3.95); and "A History of Rome," (95¢) by Moses Hadas are published by Doubleday & Company, 575 Madison Avenue, New York 22, N. Y. "The New Complete Hoyle," ($3.95) a revised edition edited by Richard L. Frey, Albert H. Morehead and Geoffrey Mott-Smith, is published by Hanover House. All may be obtained from your own bookseller or from any of the 30 Doubleday Book Shops, one of which is located in Philadelphia's Suburban Station.

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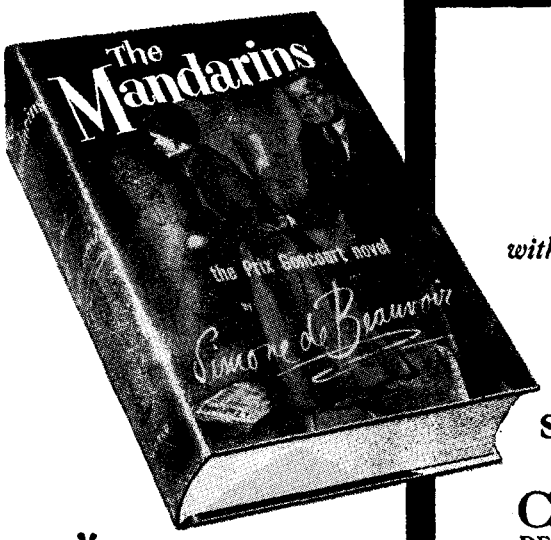

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Golden Empire Chronicle

In the department of off-base oratory, the best ever was achieved by Daniel Webster before the U. S. Senate in 1840, when he sounded off against the idea of a railroad to the Pacific Coast.

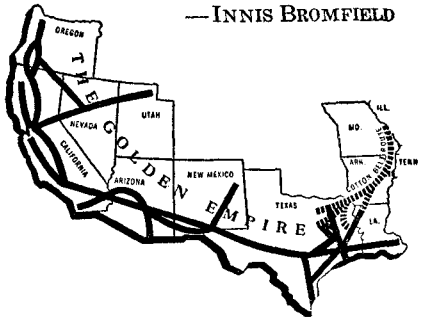
"What do we want with . . . this region of savages and wild beasts, of deserts of shifting sands and whirlwinds of dust, of cactus and prairie dogs? To what use could we ever put those endless mountain ranges? What could we do with the Western Coast of three thousand miles, rock-bound, cheerless, and uninviting?"

Come back, Mr. Webster, and we'll show you some astonishing answers to your questions. We'll take you to a place we call the Golden Empire, the eight states of the West and Southwest that are served today by our railroad. On your travels with us, you'll see a good part of Louisiana, Texas, New Mexico, Arizona, California, Nevada, Utah, and Oregon. Maybe you never heard of some of these places. But in Texas, alone, we guarantee you'll see more skyscrapers than prairie dogs, and when your eyes lift to the tallest trees on earth in Northern California, or fall upon the sapphire deep of Crater Lake in Oregon's Cascades, you'll get some idea of why we think "those endless mountain ranges" *are* useful.

You helped put the U. S. together, Mr. Webster. Well, as a builder you'll be interested to learn that 42% of all U. S. lumber used today comes from the Golden Empire, and not one stick of it is cactus!

We helped put together the transcontinental railroad you didn't want. Now you'll probably be riding with us often. Unquestionably you'll feel better about the territory we serve. Men with open eyes, resources with open hands, and land with an open heart have made the Golden Empire one of the growingest, most productive areas in your country. Cheerless and uninviting, you said? Cheer*ful* and *inviting*, Mr. Senator.

—INNIS BROMFIELD



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TRADE Winds

A FINE THING, when you have to find out about current doings of the Chicago Art Institute by turning to the onion-skinned columns of *The Manchester Guardian's* air edition! But that's where I found my first news of a $1,000 rug by Picasso.

A hearth-rug, if you please, and thus not very large. It was designed by Picasso for his own villa in Cannes; it was woven by Provencal weavers, and ten copies were made of it. I don't know whether you can "sign a rug," but this one has a name: "The Keyhole." And if you have $1,000 to spend for your hearth the latchstring's out.

Léger, Calder, and ten other famous artists also designed rugs for the exhibit, all commissioned by Madeleine Chalette-Lejiva, owner of the Manhattan Gallery (of which city my thin-skinned informant does not say).

And if I may tiptoe over to some nearby Suggestion Box, where ideas are placed for picture magazines and newspaper feature editors, I'd like to ask, "How about this, sir? What does a Picasso hearth-rug look like?"

"IN RETURN YOU CERTAINLY received a copy of the final book," says G. P. Putnam in an announcement about its new talent search, the "you" in this sardonic remark being people who gave publishers profitable steers in the past.

No more of that around Putnam. "Booksellers, librarians, book reviewers, newspapermen, and teachers of creative writing," says the four-page leaflet sent out recently to about 10,000 of same, can now quit handing over book ideas for free, or turning up "salable (not merely publishable) manuscripts and profitable book ideas" as a favor.

Hard cash and a cut in the future profits—out of the publisher's jeans, of course, not the author's—will now be the Putnam substitute for the aforesaid free copy and any equivalent of "Gee, thanks."

Not that the offer will excite anybody in a $64,000 isolation booth; $100, for example, is the talent scout's down payment for a finished or partly written manuscript—this $100 being an advance against a whole bunch of possible publisher's "take" later on. In itself the $100 is first payment of a sum equal to 10 per cent of the author's royalties for the first year, plus another 10 per cent of Putnam's share of any magazine sale, book-club selection, reprint sale, or movie money.

Smaller rewards will be paid fc ideas that later turn into books, an so far Putnam is happy indeed ove "the great response"—about fifty let ters containing suggestions and idea came in within the first weeks, plu five completed manuscripts.

All of which sounds sound to m except for one carping cash poin When you consider that a year or tw or three can, and often does, elaps between "a partly written manuscript and the completion of same, not t speak of the ensuing editing and re writing and typesetting and jacke designing and advance selling to th trade, why, I do think that Putnam' talent searchers *might* be happier, an even more numerous, if that dow payment against the future didn't hav to be kept dangling until publicatio day.

Why not "on acceptance" instead

"ANONYMOUS," I wrote a couple o TRADE WINDS ago, appears in the cata logue of the British Museum, "bu only through the fourteenth century.

Not one peep in refutation has ther been from the British Museum, but on this side of the Atlantic, Grace F Cosgrove of Barnes & Noble peepe with specifics about what must b the largest reference work o "Anonymous and Pseudonymous" i existence.

Her peep took the form of a brand new printed announcement of "A important new supplement to Samue Halkett and John Laing—Dictionar of Anonymous and Pseudonymou English Literature," by Dennis F Rhodes, of the Printed Books Depart ment in the British Museum, an Anna E. C. Simoni, of the same de partment . . . in continuation of th work of Dr. James Kenney, W. A Smith, and A. F. Johnson.

As you can see, none of the abov seven scholars gave a hoot about re maining anonymous, but if I am un scrambling all the bylines properly this new supplement, known as "Third Supplement, Vol. 8. 1900-1949," is th most up-to-date word on the subjec beyond Volumes I-VI inclusive, whicl appeared back in 1926-1932, and als Volume VII, which "followed in 193 . . . containing an index and a second supplement." Those first seven, by the way, cost $50; the new, and third, supplement cost another $12.50.

Quite a can of peas, in other words was opened by my offhand remark

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out "Anon." The newcomer alone s some 9,500 entries—and it deals, nember, only with the years 1900-49. "In every entry," says Barnes & ble's announcement provocatively, me indication will be given of the rce of authorship, the commonest of ich will, of course, be found in the itish Museum catalogue and the Li-ary of Congress cards. Where pri-te information is given this has ually been supplied by the author nself or by his publisher."

'By the author himself?" "By his blisher?" Catalogue . . . cards? I ught these 9,500 entries were sup-sed to be "anonymous or pseudony-us"! How pseudo can you get?

RK IN PROGRESS: Paul Nathan, who ites a *Publishers' Weekly* page alled "*Books Into Films*" in simpler ys before TV and reprint deals and w titled "Rights and Permissions") s turned playwright.

His comedy "Double in Hearts" is w in the throes of casting, final iting, scene designing, and the like, th out-of-town tryouts scheduled Princeton and Washington next nth, and a New York opening in tober. The director is John Gerstad, o did "The Seven Year Itch," and producers are Paul Vroom, Adna rns, and Barnard Straus.

'Double in Hearts," I'm told, doesn't ase everybody as a title; not having d the play I can't see what's wrong t, in a helpful mood, I hereby offer own One in Hearts" instead. Or if cast of four are to get into multiple afus perhaps "Down Two in Hearts" uld be more appropriate, or even own Three in Hearts."

(It's nothing, Mr. Nathan: with my npliments, and best wishes for inceton, Washington, *and* Broad-y.)

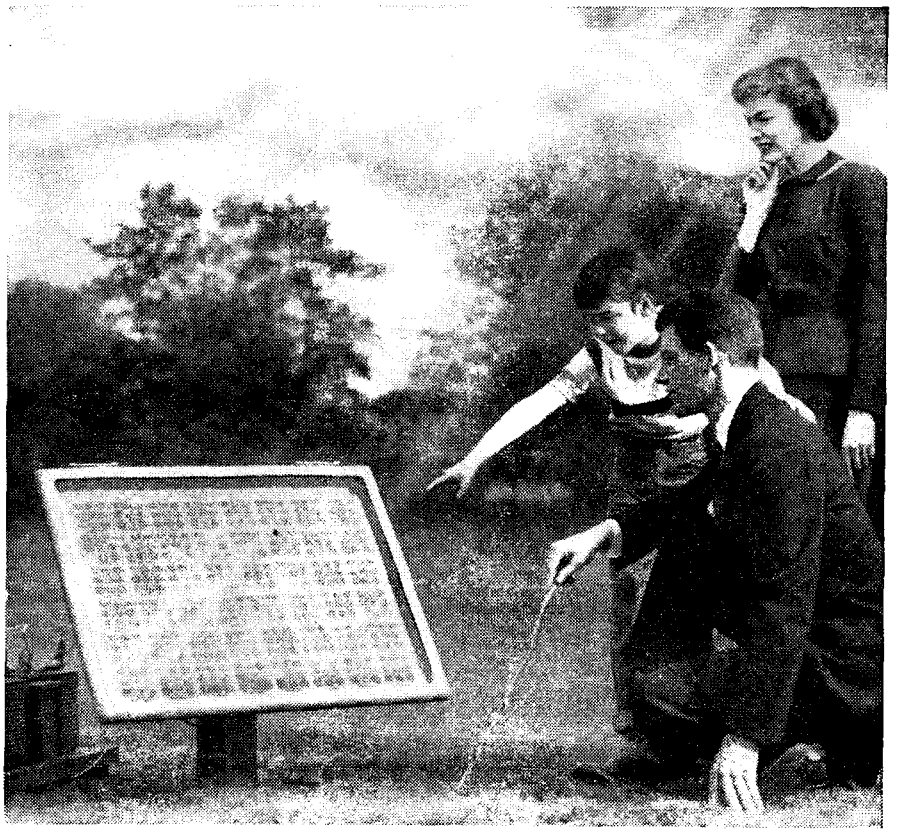
I MAY CLOSE, as I began, with one re bit from *The Manchester Guard-*, there was also a small item about anny Scot in Burma, on the touchy ot of writing a reference for his t-fired houseman, whose English s as limited as his other talents.

'The bearer of this note," the refer-ce ran, "has served me for two ars to his complete satisfaction. If u are thinking of giving him a berth sure to make it a wide one."

This happy little nuance led straight an "older, but topical, story which be less certainly vouched for . . . a school report which read, in suc-ssive terms: 'Trying . . .' 'Still try-g . . .' 'Still very trying'."

—LAURA Z. HOBSON.

ITOR'S NOTE: TRADE WINDS *is being nducted by Laura Z. Hobson while nnett Cerf is on vacation.*



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The Saturday Review

AUGUST 25, 1956

THE LEISURE OF THE THEORY CLASS

As retirement becomes an increasingly universal phase of American life, physicians, sociologists, economists, and politicians are devoting more and more attention to its problems and potentialities. But perhaps the most fruitful inquiries can be made by philosophers, those citizens of the republic who devote their lifetimes to viewing large questions in the light of the past as well as of the present. One of the most distinguished of American philosophers is T. V. Smith, who this year at the age of sixty-six is closing a career that has included teaching at Texas Christian, Texas, Chicago, and Syracuse universities; a term in Congress, and several wartime years with the United States Army. Late this spring Professor Smith addressed his colleagues at Syracuse University on the prospect before him; his words deal specifically with the situation of the teacher but, as is the case of all true philosophers, his thoughts apply to all Americans now retiring or ever to retire.

By T. V. SMITH

SINCE the time when the memory of man runneth not to the contrary our Western civilization has been dominated by two images: those of travel and of fight. Migrating from different tribal centers, men have historically met one another in various parts of the globe. To travel far was always to meet; and to meet was sooner or later to fight; for those whom you meet at the boundary are barbarians, each to the other. The only thing to do to barbarians is to fight them, and if possible to annihilate them. To annihilate them we have not been able; but in fighting them we have all done our share.

We dream of fighting even when our arms have been thrown away. Our poetry is warlike—Homer, Milton, Shakespeare—and our fiction—Tolstoy, Hugo, Hemingway—goes forward in the haze of battle. A gentleman in our culture is one who will sustain an ordeal, if not provoke it; and a lady is one whom a gentleman attends and whose honor he will jump to defend. Because of the sheer hardships of travel and the harsher incidence of war upon vital statistics, as well as the backwardness of science, men have not historically lived to be old. When by chance they did, they supported themselves on errands in a self-supporting family group. Poorhouses were few, and were for the uprooted and the piteous.

So much so has our past been of traveling and fighting that if the news were suddenly broken to our subconscious that the migratory days of humanity are over, that indeed there isn't anywhere else to go, few of us would know what to do with ourselves—until we happened to bethink ourselves, with our television children, of the moon or Mars. The mind can keep up an occupation which the body has long since discontinued. We can and we do make life itself a "pilgrimage" and the competition of virtue we transform into a metaphysical fight. "Onward, Christian soldiers, marching as to war." This is what I mean in saying that we are a journeying troupe, dominated by these two ancient images.

Diverse though our individual philosophies of life be, our Western philosophy of history has concentered upon the notion of progress. That apostle of modernism John Dewey has gone so far as to say that if there be a single moral end that end is "growth." Justice Holmes writes to Sir Frederick Pollock—one octogenarian to another—that the death of the aged does not grieve him. They've had their day, he says. But the death of the young is grievous: it is tragic, he adds, to die before you have had a chance "to try out your powers." The emphasis upon growth is clearly the ideal which befits youth and those still rising to a climax of their capacities.

This leaves anomalous those of us who are on the decline. Growth

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reached, what then? Well, then the call would seem to be for one to *surcease*. Why worry about a falling star in a rising world? But the doctors won't let us older people die, short of suicide; and the theologians won't let us commit suicide with dignity and proper peace of mind. How to be old and still to be respectable becomes a question for all who are well past their prime.

RETIREMENT is prelude to what Crowfoot, leader of the Blackfoot Confederacy, described in these quiet but moving words:

> A little while and I will be gone from among you, whither I cannot tell. From nowhere we come, into nowhere we go. What is life? It is a flash of a firefly in the night. It is the breath of a buffalo in the winter time. It is as the little shadow that runs across the grass and loses itself in the sunset.

That truth we had better assume than unduly to presume upon increasing longevity. Certainly we will not live forever.

Whither our retirement? What do we teachers retire into? Memory of the honorable estate *from* which we retire is the first treasure-trove *to* which we retire; for memories will go with us to the end of our days and will often, "in vacant or in pensive mood," as Wordsworth says,

> flash upon that inward eye
> Which is the bliss of solitude.

More of solitude, and then more and more of it, we will have from here out. My dear friend Ernest White tells me that this is what has touched him closest about age: that he has outlived those who had a community of memories, and so that communication becomes more and more difficult and thin. We shall all be further and further reduced to our own thoughts. Our legacy will probably grow richer for us in recall than it was in transaction.

I have always had in active years, and probably will have the more in less active years, a tender regard for college songs. I used indeed to collect them. "The Eyes of Texas" from undergraduate years will always thrill, and our Syracuse song will continue to carry its warm flavor. But, best of all, in the universities which have honored me with position and prestige is the song of my graduate institution, the University of Chicago. This is rare, but its song is unique. As befits a graduate center, the song has substance to match its devotion to the intellectual community:

> Her mighty learning we would tell,
> Though life is something more than lore;
> She could not love her sons so well
> Loved she not truth and honor more.

Such recall is the first of our beads which we shall tell in retirement. With these warm memories we have meat to eat that mere worldlings know not of. The next of our beads is a larger leisure in our second childhood than we have known since our first childhood. Little leisure have we known in fact despite our limited hours of teaching. We have grown tired and yet worked on through passing days and well into many a night. And this has happened to us so continuously that on romantic rebound we have made a heaven of leisure, a heaven nobody could stand for a week once he got rested up. Mark Twain found this out through Captain Eli Stormfield's experience in the Hereafter, found out, I mean, that sittin' on a cloudbank with a halo that got heavy, with wings he could not maneuver, and with a harp which he could not coax beyond a single tiresome tune—that such a heaven was no fit place for a grown man who requires oscillation between the opposites which in his character he houses.

Next to forgetting the first law of imagination, that in the realm of fancy *anything may mean anything*, is a forgetting more fatal still to our happiness: namely, that satisfaction expands only into satiety—or back again to lack and want. It is clear to any thoughtful man that leisure must be informed with appropriate endeavor. It itself is not enough to fill retirement to the full.

It is not enough, but it *is* something and we shall now get our first full sized dose of it for many a busy year. I for one mean to make the most of whatever leisure I actually find lurking around my trailer door. It will be good to loll at breakfast after having turned over for another snooze. It will be good to play a little at last even to indulge in Scrabble, for instance. I have never had time for it. An older friend has accused me, because of this lack, of what he calls "the great Un-American Inactivity." It will indeed be good to slow the pace and do a little plain and fancy sauntering, whatever form it takes. Justice Holmes says, with his eye upon senescence, that "the riders in a race do not stop short when they reach the goal. There is a little finishing canter before coming to a standstill." This our new-found leisure will afford for each of us, "a little finishing canter" as the day dies away.

But what, after all, is leisure save unpressured work? Clearly idleness for such as we is odious. So I count as my third bead self-rewarding work that is freely chosen to fill our leisure hours. We will of course keep on doing what we have been doing, but not so much of it. And let us not kid ourselves, as we cannot kid each other, that the quality of our output will be proportioned to the quantity of leisure now at our disposal. If you have long spent more time dreading to write or grade papers or mend the leaking faucets at home than you have in doing the job; if you have made excuses all your life for not doing proudly what you were paid to do; if you have chronically waited to do your best until there was nothing else to do—then you will hardly bloom out now as editors' models, registrars' pets, or other Beau Brummells of pedagogical virtue.

That masterpiece of research you've put off to retirement you'll likely now in further easy stages put off to eternity. I'll not bet even on your stopping smoking now that you have

(*Continued on page* 28)

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich

THE PLACE'S THE THING

Shakespeare got around, at least on paper. Fannie Gross of Asheville, N. C., asks you to identify fourteen plays whereof the action take place, mostly or entirely, in the following locales. Road map on page 28.

1. Elsinore
2. Alexandria
3. Ephesus
4. Illyria
5. Cyprus
6. Messina
7. Milan
8. Navarre
9. Padua
10. Sicilia
11. Troy
12. Verona
13. Vienna
14. An Uninhabited Island

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—Doug Anderson.

Two Books About Kuwait:

"Kuwait and Her Neighbours" "Kuwait Was My Home"

Authors: H. R. P. Dickson and Zahra Freeth

***'Kuwait and Her Neighbours," by H. R. P. Dickson** (Macmillan. 627 pp. $12.75), and **"Kuwait Was My Home," by Zahra Freeth** (Macmillan. 164 pp. $3.75), tell the story of the oil-rich Sheikdom of Kuwait. Emil Lengyel, who reviews them, is the author of "World Without End: The Middle East" and other books.*

By Emil Lengyel

IT WAS only a few years ago that it was discovered that the underpinnings of the dreary desert Sheikdom of Kuwait, at the head of the Persian Gulf, are soaked in one of the world's largest oil pools. Kuwait's petroleum production has recently outpaced even the fantastically productive fields of Saudi Arabia, a hundred times its size. Last year the ruler of 6,000-square-mile Kuwait drew 200,000,000 in oil revenue—fabulous for this British-protected Arab land.

Until recently interest in Kuwait was so negligible that the record reveals no book about it. Two books issued during the past several weeks may be the heralds of the "Age of Kuwait" in book publishing.

Lt. Col. H. R. P. Dickson, author of Kuwait and Her Neighbours," is a member of a distinguished family of British colonial officials. He was Britain's political agent in the sheikdom for seven years, until 1936, and has been the chief local representative of the Kuwait Oil Co. since then.

His bulky book is a mélange of description, history, and reminiscences, some of the latter of which have historic interest. Colonel Dickson was, for instance, an eyewitness at a between-the-wars Middle East "summit" conference at which the majestic King Ibn Saud acted in a surprisingly unmajestic way. The parley had been called to determine the final frontiers between Kuwait and her neighbors, under the chairmanship of Sir Percy Cox, British high commissioner in Mesopotamia.

King Saud pressed for a line which the other conferees considered outrageous. The Olympian British proconsul thereupon bawled out the King, as if talking to a naughty schoolboy. In the face of this tempest Ibn Saud broke down so completely that he pleaded with Sir Percy to draw the boundary himself, calling him his "father and mother," to whom he owed everything.

Colonel Dickson admires the present ruler of Kuwait, H. H. Sheik Sir Abdullah Al Salim Al Sabah. This monarch is spending a large part of the $200,000,000 a year he receives in oil revenues on public works that are transforming the very face of the desert. Modern schools, hospitals, power stations, roads, water-distillation plants are superimposed on a Stone-Age culture.

It is in an unconventional way that Colonel Dickson paints Kuwaiti life in town and desert. In short vignettes, under such dramatic titles as "The Black Dog of Hufuf" and "The Wicked Uncle," he tells revealing incidents out of the people's lives. Hollywood is not on its toes if it fails to make use of these scenarios.

Colonel Dickson is too much the old-line colonial official to like the new version of the Arabian Nights being acted out in Kuwait today. He likes progress in small doses, judiciously mixed with tradition. He is afraid that petroleum will stain the desert with venality.

ZAHRA FREETH, author of "Kuwait Was My Home," the other new book about Kuwait, is the daughter of Colonel Dickson. English to her fingertips, she grew up among the Kuwaiti Arabs, speaks their language, and knows their minds. A young woman, she could penetrate the so-called mysteries of the women's quarters, *haram*, more exciting to her than the company of London society ladies. The *haram* is athrob with the life of child-rearing and multiple household chores.

Mrs. Freeth also knows the desert hinterland, is familiar with the lives of pearl-fishers and sailors, no less than with the mechanized activities of the Burgan oil fields.

She shows that some Kuwaitis are no better informed about the outside

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BOOK BY MAN-OF-THE-WEEK: The most controversial man in the world at the moment is President Gamal Abdul Nasser of Egypt, the man who seized the Suez Canal and thus precipitated a worldwide crisis. To many who had watched Nasser's rise his action indicated a radical—and frightening—shift in Egyptian policy. But students of the situation were turning to a little-known book which was published last year under the title of **"Egypt's Liberation"** (Public Affairs Press, $2), a highly personal account written by President Nasser himself of his conception of his own and his country's role in world affairs. In this book the students were able to find significant passages that foreshadowed not only the present Nasser policies but also, perhaps, those of the future. Here are a few examples from the book:

—Wide World.

- Allah said: "Oppose them with whatever forces you can muster."
- But how is it to be done? I admit that [the answer to this question] has undergone more change than anything else in my thinking. . . . Gradually I came to realize that the idea of political assassination that glowed once in my imagination was beginning to dim and lose its value as a means of bringing about positive action.
- I shall always maintain that we are strong. When I try to analyze the elements of our strength there are three main sources which should first be taken into account. The first of these sources is that we are a community of neighboring peoples linked by all the material and moral ties possible, and that we have characteristics and abilities and a civilization which have given rise to three holy religions—factors which cannot be ignored in the effort to build a secure and peaceful world. . . . As for the second source of strength it is our land itself and its position on the map—that important, strategic position which embraces the crossroads of the world, the thoroughfare of its traders and the passageway of its armies. . . . There remains the third source: oil—a sinew of material civilization without which all its machines would cease to function. Without oil all would turn back to naked metal, covered with rust, incapable of motion or use. . . . The center of world oil production has shifted from the United States to the Arab area. Half the proved reserves of oil in the world lie beneath Arab soil.

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world than the outside world is about the Sheikdom. There was, for instance, Salim al Muzaiyin, an old friend who in 1947 showed some interest to know if the war between Britain and Germany about which he had heard vaguely was at an end. He knew that the enemy was led by a man called "Hitler." What happened to this man and where was he? When told that Hitler had killed himself Salim bore witness to the justice of the all-knowing God.

Mrs. Freeth has written a most readable book, some of the best passages of which describe the look and feel of the country. Like other sensitive writers before her, she fell under the spell of the desert where "in the spring each plant that grows to maturity on the pale sand can be perceived in isolated perfection, and creeping leaves print the earth with their design of formal beauty."

That the seemingly desolate desert can be unspeakably beautiful will be attested also by Violet Dickson, mother of Mrs. Freeth, and third writing Arabist of the family. Her book "Wild Flowers of Kuwait and Bahrein" has been announced for early publication.

Into the Land of Nothing

"Azalaï," by John Skolle *(Harper. 272 pp. $4), is an American's report on his voyage across a seldom-navigated section of the Sahara Desert, from North Africa to Timbuctoo. Whit Burnett, our reviewer, edited a recent anthology, "The Spirit of Adventure."*

By Whit Burnett

MEN seek out adventure by various routes and for reasons almost as various as there are adventurers. Adventure, one of them has said, "is a strange experience for its own sake —and it happens in a strange place."

John Skolle at fifty shed his American clothes, bound his head in a Berber turban, and set off for the interior of the Sahara Desert, garbed as a Tuareg tribesman, and though he disclaims adventure in any broad terms he found his strange experience and his strange place. He went to Timbuctoo the hard way, the only non-African ever, it seems, to have made one of the toughest treks of the Sahara, with an *azalaï,* that great Gathering of the Camels—thousands of them—which sets out twice a year from the greenery of the Niger river country to take provisions north into the glaring Sahara to the black slave workers in the sixteenth-century rock salt mines of Taoudeni.

Skolle's motive, he tells us in his new book "Azalaï," was nothing more than a "compelling inner curiosity." And whether or not that is all, he brought with him curiosity enough, an interest in the history of the country and its tribes, as well as patience, courage, and endurance. "Azalaï" shows a reporter's capacity for precise observations and at times almost a poet's gift for the moods of the desert —"sometimes pink and saccharine as a birthday cake, sometimes black and corroded as by disease. . . . In the desert there is nothing to be had, nothing but the reflection of oneself—which may be blurred by weakness, fear, impatience, boredom, or be clear and strong as that of the nomads who are the masters of this magnificent wilderness."

By devious ways Skolle reached the primitive Taoudeni salt mines and there, on foot and on camel, slogged southward with the caravan—six men to a hundred camels tied lip to tail—on a trip so hazardous camel drivers are paid the fantastic proportion of three-fourths of whatever fifty-pound rock-salt bars they are able successfully to bring out.

Men and camels are the heroes, and Mr. Skolle will put up his Tuareg tribesmen as men against all comers. "Vultures of the desert" to some, these tall, independent, fatalistic desert people Skolle found of a "singular nobility." It was his first encounter with some such men on an earlier visit to Morocco which spurred his curiosity about their life.

Camels go where no trucks go. Temperamental yet "conventional as cats," wilful, obstinate, and intelligent, they demand a vacation of six months in every year, and Mr. Skolle, a friend of camels, may well tell more about camels than anyone may ever need to know. Incidentally, they don't make love backwards. Reserved they are, and private; but a camel in love, he says, is just as forward as anyone.

Camel drivers lead a lone and desperate life (less subject to raid and murder since the French have put down raiding tribes and made French citizens of nobles and vassals alike), but most drivers manage a wife or two in every encampment—for demographic reasons. Among the noble Tuaregs a young girl on her way to becoming a beauty is fed a dozen quarts of goat milk daily to reach at eighteen the beauty norm of 300 pounds.

The slave trade has ended, ivory has given out, gold no longer flows from Wangara, Skolle points out, but salt remains, a prosaic cargo dug in putrid desert water seepage by laborers whose shortness of life is proverbial. Commercial salt could be brought in cheaper by boat or plane. But what the blacks dig out has magic for anything from sore eyes to syphilis, and thus its continuing demand. The saga of its transport seems as remote as something out of ancient history.

Skolle was never attacked by desert raiders, he lost no limbs, and the nomads treated him with courtesy and respect. When adventure seems more monotony and glare than a test of the human spirit in action Mr. Skolle has put in the histories of others who never made it through the vast Sahara alive.

The photographs add to the book, but Timbuctoo doesn't. It is a place of flies and filth. One goal reached, to an adventurer, is another set in mind. Mr. Skolle has sand in his craw, his first book is out, and he has already gone back to the desert to start another. While not one of the greatest in the literature of men who test the human spirit in action, "Azalaï" is one man's journey into the Land Where There Is Nothing; it is firsthand, direct, and personal, and his next, on "the Arab world," may be more so.

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—Jacket sketch by Irv Docktor, for "Madame Solario."

". . . as much a period set-piece as a rose under glass."

Feuds Down East

***Speak to the Winds," by Ruth loore** (William Morrow. 309 pp. 3.50), is the story of a year in the life f an ingrown community of fishers id farmers on the Maine Coast.*

y Louise Dickinson Rich

ROBERT MACKECHNIE and Ansel Gilman were quarrymen who 1855 cruised the coast of Maine oking for granite. They found Chin land, a tough and rugged rock pile; id because they were equally tough ey took it over and made it their wn. They prospered, but the day granite fortunes passed, and sevty years later their descendants, ong with the descendants of the alian, Scotch, Greek, and Portuese men who had worked for them, rmed a small, rather ingrown comunity of fishers and farmers. Ruth oore's new novel, "Speak to the inds," is the story of one year, from hristmas to Christmas, in the life this community; a year marked a village feud which grew from etty causes—a misfiring joke, a rong intonation, an ill-timed laugh to tragic proportions.

Never has Miss Moore written a etter book. Although the plot is ther intricate she handles it with ease that makes each development em inevitable. Her ear for Down ast talk is unequaled, and her ability bring characters to life is uncanny. Her men and women are solid, people whom you see in the round, people whom you grow to like or loathe, as the case may be, and whose lives are matters of concern.

There is Elbridge Gilman, the first selectman, who feels responsible for the island and the islanders and who does his best to halt the spreading of the feud. There is his wife, Jess, as nice a woman as you would want to meet anywhere; and Miss Greenwood, a summer visitor who finally made the island her permanent home —but you will have to read about Miss Greenwood yourself to appreciate her. According to Liseo MacGimsey, a most engaging man of part-Italian stock, Miss Greenwood lived inside a flower; and that is as good a description as any. There is poor Willard Lowden, a born victim; and Stella MacGimsey, one of the meanest and most vicious women ever put down on paper. These are only a few of Miss Moore's characters.

But the book is more than a character study. It's an exploration of an entire way of life, a thoughtful study of human values, a balancing of viewpoints and standards that gives the reader pause for reflection. All this is written in a style exactly suited to the subject matter, against a background of sea and sky and wind and weather in the description of which Miss Moore is unsurpassed. "Speak to the Winds" is a really good book, of which there are all too few.

Scandal à la Mode

***"Madame Solario"** (Viking Press. 374 pp. $3.95), the work of a writer who prefers to remain anonymous, describes the tribulations of a mysterious woman living at a fashionable Continental resort before World War I.*

By Mary Barrett

LIKE its inscrutable heroine and its anonymous author, the new novel "Madame Solario" is certain to be much talked about. As much a period set-piece as a rose under glass, it is as successful in evoking its mood and landscape by the threatening reflection of lake and sky as Willkie Collins was in the use of moonlight.

All the essentials of Victorian melodrama are present: scenery, tragedy, money. At first we travel an old route: the romantic setting of a fashionable, Italian resort on the shore of Lake Como; the cast of fixed noble types, so familiar in the fictional society at the turn of the century; and in the foreground the lonely figure of a mysterious woman, Madame Solario. There are whispers, effectively circulated by a contessa's daughter, of an incestuous scandal in her family's past.

To be sure, these were also the ingredients of the world and plots of Henry James. However, refracted in his fiction they were also aspects of the real world of his time and it was a reality that could spring back at the touch, bear the weight of exploration and action and the impress of his intense moral judgment. For a modern author this world can have no solidity. To say that it does not in "Madame Solario" is not so much a judgment as a discovery. For with the sudden arrival of Eugene, Madame Solario's brother and partner in scandal, after an absence of twelve years, a new source of dramatic development is present and the novel moves forward, a serious and urgent study of the relations between two people each of whom is obsessed by the past. Suddenly, the first part of the novel, the pastel parade of summering Romans, becomes nothing more than a backdrop like that at a Verdi opera, only there to isolate an intense play of human emotion as if to remind us that this is an action outside of any specific time and place.

Believing that Madame Solario has ruined his life Eugene intends to victimize her in turn. The alternation of mood and the painful dialogues of brother and sister are most acutely observed. In fact, an almost hallucina-

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tory effect is created by the pressure of these secret scenes upon the ordinary social surface. Once broken it will mean disaster for the innocents with whom, in the meantime, brother and sister have become involved. Sudden, erratic action emerges; Madame Solario leaves under the protection of a young English visitor and is, of course, pursued.

It is a pity that at this point the author of "Madame Solario" did not entirely trust to the impetus of the story. It is admirable until, at the point of final catastrophe, the author seems to have lost his nerve and instead of being carried on to his own solutions, the influences take over. The author, whoever he may be, needs no Baedeker. His sense of altering motive conveyed by the most minute shift of detail as well as his original feeling for narrative would be more rewarding guides.

The Road to Five Forks

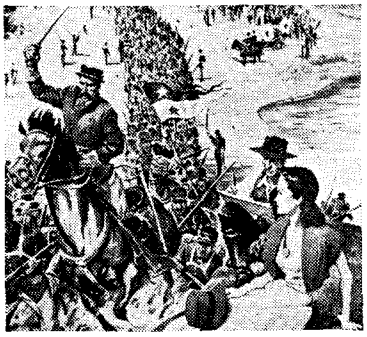
***"Roll Shenandoah," by Bruce Lancaster** (Little, Brown. 316 pp. $3.95), is an account of the Federal offensive in the Shenandoah Valley in the summer and autumn of 1864 by a practised historical novelist.*

By George F. Scheer

UNTIL 1864 the Valley of the Shenandoah — "this magnificent valley"—had been chiefly a theatre for Confederate offensives. Then it became the scene of a Federal offensive in one of the most decisive campaigns of the Civil War. To destroy the South's profane General Jubal Early, who had stopped two of his generals, U. S. Grant in July sent brisk young Philip Sheridan to the Valley. By winter the Valley was in Federal hands and from it Sheridan rode to victory at Five Forks.

In "Roll Shenandoah" the practised historical novelist Bruce Lancaster, who knows men at war, tells the story of that fateful summer and autumn of 1864 as seen by Ellery Starr, reporter for *The New York Tribune*. An honorably discharged Federal artillery officer, Starr, along with a pair of companions of the "Bohemian Brigade," follows the campaign attached to a hell-for-leather battery of Sheridan's army. A dash of mystery is provided by the undercover activities of a lay preacher working on behalf of anti-Lincoln forces to thwart a Federal victory; a pleasant, unobtrusive fillip of romance is introduced when Starr falls in love almost unknowingly with the preacher's hauntingly strange and lovely daughter. As told by a yarn-spinner with an enviable talent for recreating a historical period without tiresome detail or resort to sadistic violence and boudoir calisthenics, "Roll Shenandoah" is a worthy addition to the mushrooming fiction of the Civil War.

Civil War enthusiasts will applaud the historical fidelity of the author's narrative, though they may quibble over his interpretation of Sheridan as general and battle soldier and may question his dismissal of the Confederate guerillas as mere nuisances. The tide of war did turn while Sheridan commanded in the Valley, but it should not be forgotten that with a battle strength of 45,000 men to face Early's 8,000 regulars—his cavalry alone outnumbered Old Jube's whole army—it took him three all-out efforts to defeat the stubborn Confederate general, and it was not until the spring of 1865 that he was able to advance up the Valley and turn eastward to carry out the plan Grant had urged on him for months. In a forthcoming book based on new materials Virgil Carrington Jones, an expert on guerilla warfare, establishes conclusively that a great part of his difficulty arose from the work of the Confederate irregulars who often all but immobilized him and perhaps prolonged the war by eight or nine months. However, these are demurrers to be argued by the modern knights of the Civil War Round Table. There will be no disputing that Mr. Lancaster has made the most of a fresh, exciting field for storytellers.



—Jacket design from "Roll Shenandoah."

". . . that fateful summer and autumn."

Youngsters in Peril

***"The Children," by Babette Rosmond** (Harcourt, Brace. 200 pp. $3.50), is an account of what transpires in a rambling Connecticut house during six weeks in which three children are left under casual care.*

By Sara Henderson Hay

"THE children were neither the perceptive, sensitive instruments some adult writers pretend to have been, nor were they the amoral cryptograms often presented elsewhere. These children, like most children, had flashes of awareness, of idiocy, of wantonness, of sympathy, of cruelty, of kindness, and often intelligence . . ." So Babette Rosmond introduces the chief characters of her absorbing little novel "The Children," in which as in some stage productions, the action and the actors can be seen simultaneouly on several levels, from varying angles and under different lights.

The dexterity and subtlety with which Miss Rosmond manages the materials of the situation she presents are remarkable; suspense is built up and sustained through events and incidents that can be interpreted as comic or sinister, as inconsequential or as monstrously significant. Are the children, for six weeks during their father's absence and their mother's convalescence in the care of a religious-fanatic cook and a nymphomaniac young nursemaid, *really* in any danger, physically or psychically? Nothing much happens—or does it? Disaster is poised, rather like a boulder on a hillside, but no pebble slips.

Four worlds converge in the large universe of the rambling Connecticut house to whose sprawling pastoral life its ex-metropolitan owners have creakingly adjusted. There is the secret world of childhood, simple and complex, dependent and aloof, in which Janet, aged seven, Sara five and Brett three pursue their multitudinous private interests. There is the dangerous country through whose shadows Aurora, the cook-housekeeper, picks her harried way. There is the Fantasy Land of Frill, the nineteen-year-old new nursemaid with her ripe body, her infantile mind and her falsified references. And the world of the woman in the bedroom on the second floor, a world bounded by four walls, an easy chair two hours a day, by sleepless fears, by inadequacies forecast; a room whose comfortable sunniness is choked with

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imagined (or are they imagined?) hostilities, whose quietness is sibilant with overheard mysterious noises, with suspicions of evil. Are they justified suspicions, or are they the neurotic fancies of a sick woman with her husband away, losing touch with her children, with her sanity, with whatever is real?

Across this stage the children move, neither innocent voyagers, nor bad seeds, nor preternaturally wise little philosophers. Why should they tell their mother about the afternoon at the amusement park when they were supposed to be visiting their grandmother, or about the strange young men hanging around the house, or about the spare bedroom in the attic? They make their daily calls on their mother, that unfamiliar sick woman, but they do not really need her; they are not comfortable in her presence, nor is she in theirs.

Miss Rosmond has observed the world of childhood closely; she has an ear to select and record the wonderful non-sequitur conversations, the absurd poignant misapprehensions, the marvelous brave imaginings. The children are wholly credible, so is the shadowy mother, and so is pathetic, malicious, eccentric Aurora, with her Purity and Righteousness complex and her infinite hypocrisy. Less completely plausible is Frill, whose biological ignorance, considering her total lack of innocence, is a little surprising.

"The Children" is an exceptionally interesting piece of work, compact with drama, beautifully balanced between crowding danger and careless safety. It is a summer's tale worth remembering on winter nights.

TREASURE HUNT: Robert Bright's **"The Spirit of the Chase"** (Scribner, $3) is a thoroughly delightful farce wherein an American art collector launches a feverish quest for a lost Renaissance masterpiece, and winds up as the bon-face of a French provincial fancy house. Mr. Bright's little fable begins in Paris, in the spring, in Valois's gallery which deals in some decidedly rare old masters—Spiegenbaum, for example, "a contemporary of Albrecht Dürer." ("Where Dürer faithfully copied every hair on a man's head, Spiegenbaum added hairs that had not yet even sprouted. It suggested a prophetic gift.") In Valois's, young David Mackland comes across a clue to a lost painting by the great "Tintorino," whom Mr. Bright bills as "Leonardo's contemporary." The clue is a young Parisienne who is in the gallery trying to peddle what appears to be a recently made copy. The author then takes his hero on a genuinely merry

Help Yourself to Culture

ON THE racks of the country's drugstores and newsstands this week, sandwiched somewhere between the latest Homer and the latest Erle Stanley Gardner, appeared a comparatively unpretentious little volume in a revised edition. Its name: **"Good Reading"** (New American Library-Mentor, paperbound: 50¢). As books go "Good Reading" is highly unusual, being a list of more than 1,500 of the world's best books as selected and evaluated in short introductory essays by a committee of college professors. As chairman of this committee Professor Atwood H. Townsend of New York University has written by way of introduction: "An excellent way to start using 'Good Reading' is to check through the whole list [of titles], putting an X before those books you have already read and a check before those you want to read. By continually changing your checks to X's you can keep a record of your intellectual growth."

To past devotees of Professor Townsend's self-styled do-it-yourself culture this advice is familiar. For in the past twenty-five years "Good Reading" has run through ten pamphlet editions, a dozen or so paperback printings (including one hardcover edition), and judging by its sale, has reached the phenomenal audience of more than 800,000 Americans. As a result the country's reading habits have apparently undergone some changes. Wrote one youthful buyer to Professor Townsend: "I have read every book on your list of '100 Significant Books' from Aeschylus's 'Plays' to Yeats's 'Poems'."

This year reader Smith will find most of his old favorites again. He will find the previously listed sections on Roman literature (from Lucius Apuleius to Marcus Vitruvius Pollio), on Renaissance literature (Baldassare Castiglione through Giorgio Vasari), and on up. But he will presumably find some less familiar fare in 300 hitherto unlisted titles. Under the section on history, for example, he will find ninety-nine titles (from Brinton's "Ideas and Men" to Wells's "The Outline of History"), as compared with only fifty-nine titles in the last edition. Under the section on physical sciences he will find forty-four titles; under anthropology and sociology, fifty-two titles; and under the biological sciences section, which is edited by Rachel Carson, of "The Sea Around Us" fame, forty-six titles including, of course, "The Sea Around Us." Even the titles listed under reader Smith's "100 Significant Books" section have been somewhat shuffled. To these one hundred have been added Faulkner's "The Sound and the Fury," Hemingway's "A Farewell to Arms," Huxley's "Brave New World," Joyce's "Ulysses," and Wolfe's "Look Homeward, Angel." To make room for these additions Bennett's "Old Wives Tale" has, among others, been dropped.

To conform with changing tastes (and with publishers' practices, for books are often allowed to go out of print) the titles listed after Willa Cather's name have become fewer. So have those after the names of Galsworthy and Conrad. ("Death Comes For the Archbishop" is nowhere to be found in "Good Reading" now.) Marx is there but Hitler is not, probably, explains J. Sherwood Weber of Pratt Institute, who has taken over the job of editor this year from Professor Townsend, "because Hitler never was very good reading." But some titles which are no longer to be found in print are listed. Among novel "The Great Hunger" and the German Arnold Zweig's "The Case of Sergeant Grischa." In the section on American novels are to be found such newcomers as William Styron ("Lie Down in Darkness") and Davis Grubb ("Night of the Hunter").

This year's new and revised edition of "Good Reading" is the latest version of a list which Professor Townsend, then a young English instructor at NYU, conceived back in the early Thirties. Impressed by the quality of inexpensive books to be found even in that pre-paperback era he painstakingly mimeographed the titles of a few hundred books and handed it out to his students. Now under the title of "Good Reading" this is aimed at high-school graduates of normal intelligence who want to improve themselves. But the editors of "Good Reading" feel many a college graduate could well profit from their product, too. —JOHN HAVERSTICK.

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chase that leads him across country, over hills, and under beds, and finally into the investment mentioned above. Mr. Bright observes Mackland's progress with a sharp eye for humorous incongruities and with some briskly satiric comments on life, art, and art dealers. —MARTIN LEVIN.

TYCOON'S MENAGE: The blurb on the jacket of Walter O'Meara's **"Minnesota Gothic"** (Holt, $3.95) tells us that the book studies "an icy-eyed timber baron's power over three remarkable women." Let's see now, there is Dorcas Dubois, the baron's genteel, part-Indian wife, Victoria, her peculiar sister, and Lylli Nurmi, a Finnish typist. All three ladies are collected in the tycoon's brand-new castle on the shores of Lake Superior. Here Dorcas suffers nobly, Victoria goes mad with jealousy and cigarette smoking ("They've got something in them besides tobacco. I don't know what it is, but it seems to help my asthma"). And Miss Nurmi has a baby. Jesse Jannison, the lumber tycoon, seems an unlikely cause of all this pother. He calls his wife "chum," exhibits none of the magnetism which seems to drive the ladies insane—but then you never know about those quiet types. —M. L.

INTREPID IRISHMAN: John Jennings's **"The Wind in His Fists"** (Holt, $3.95) features the prowess of a sixteenth-century broth of a lad named Dennis O'Brian More. Dennis has an almost monotonous predilection for getting whacked on the head and impressed into alien servitude. In succession, he finds himself: an unwilling infantryman in the Irish Guards; a galley slave on a Spanish man of war; ditto on a galley run by the Knights of Malta; an irregular member of the Turkish navy (with a squadron of Barbary pirates). Young Dennis finds his last station most congenial; he even rises to the rank of a galley commander, until at the Battle of Lepanto he receives yet another conk on the skull which returns him finally to civilian status. Between tours Dennis finds True Love (with Lupe, a ravishing Moor), and is put to the rack, hung up by this thumbs, mugged and otherwise bedeviled to a degree that would have daunted a lesser man. —M. L.

ALSO NOTED: **"Blue Chip Haggerty,"** by Ray Millholland (Morrow, $3.50), has as its hero a folksy master-mechanic trouble-shooter who can bring hard-headed men into line as quickly as finding out what makes a jig-boring machine act out of kilter. With deadly humor and a battered straw hat as a symbol of cocksure independence, Haggerty in this collection of short stories, originally published in *The Saturday Evening Post,* keeps wartime production in several plants in perfect trim. Vastly entertaining, but primarily for a mechanically-inclined male audience.

"Stranger from the Tonto," by Zane Grey (Harper, $2.75), is Mr. Grey's fifty-seventh novel and the seventeenth published since his death. It describes Kent Wingfield's pursuit of the "Hole in the Wall Gang," who are hiding in a Utah box canyon. Fist- and pistol-wielding Kent not only brings the outlaws to bay but persuades Avil Bonesteel, their leader, to reform, gaining his daughter's hand at the same time. Apparently Harper's has a backlog of Grey Westerns in its vaults which it opens only once a year to keep fans happy and the market uncluttered. The Zane Grey factory has sold some 28,000,000 books in the U. S. and the latest maintains the trademark for clean-cut characterization and fast action.

"Summer Brings Gifts," by Ann Ritner (Lippincott, $3.50), is a family story of the Colorado Galbraiths during the summer of 1913. It is a summer of decisions and expectancy as Mother Galbraith awaits an unplanned child. Adolescent Mary ponders a choice between a music career and attachment to a farm boy friend, Howie tries to overcome blocks to a marriage, while ten-year-old Susan innocently pries into everyone's business. The author of "Keepsake" and "The Green Bough" thins out her plot into a bland and homey pastry.

Walter O'Meara—"quiet types."

"The Living Lotus," by Ethel Manni (Putnam, $3.75), is a novel about con temporary Burma and India. Britis Forester Finching loses his Burmes wife when she is killed in flight fror the Japanese. Their daughter, Jenny marries her rescuer and countryma but father Finching tricks her int leaving her devoted husband to liv in England. It's a tense and unhapp situation, absorbingly told in terms culture clashes between Eastern an Western traditions and believabl character creations. Miss Mannin the author of a number of novel among them "So Tiberius" and "La I Have Loved Thee."

"That Egyptian Woman," by Noel I Gerson (Doubleday, $3.95), is a his torical novel remotely based on Cleo patra's encounter with Caesar. Cor trary to historical accounts whic picture the serpent of the Nile plump, freckled, and red-haired, M Gerson has transfigured her into seductive *Esquire* girl who coo "Darling, wouldn't you like to take o your helmet? You'd be much cooler Caesar would, except that he is ba and vain. Gladiatorial contests, po litical intrigue, and failure by Caesa secret police to halt his assassinatic are part of a smoothly told, colorf tale by a veteran historical fictionee

"The Rib of the Hawk," by Ros mond Marshall (Appleton-Centur Crofts, $3.95), is concerned with tl rivalry of two Italian Renaissan noblemen. The chief morsel of co tention is the indescribably beautif Mia, a girl miraculously untainted h her slum environment and put on tl right path by a warm-hearted sculp tor. It is Duke Vanni, the basta brother of the lustful Duke Alfer who twice saves Mia from lecher intent and claims her as his bride. A

(Continued on page 27)

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT NO. 687

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 687 will be found in the next issue.

DKRCJDO JL YKEB

RJEBLKYB RCHD H

LWQBEHDDWHRBT

QBTHOKOWB.

—CBDEM HTHYL.

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 686

A classic is something that everybody wants to have read and nobody wants to read.

—SAMUEL CLEMENS.

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Life with Big Brother

***How the Soviet System Works,"** **y Raymond A. Bauer, Alex Inke-es, and Clyde Kluckhohn** (Harvard niversity Press. 274 pp. $4.75), based n a questioning of refugees from SSR, throws light on the manner in hich groups and individuals are af-ected by the Russian regime and how ney adjust to it. Sidney Harcave, chair-an of the division of social sciences, arpur College, is our reviewer.*

y Sidney Harcave

THE Russian Research Center of Harvard University has never ex-ected its personnel either to sit in ie academic loges and accept the anagement's announcements about hat goes on behind that famous oviet curtain or to wait out the in-rminable postponements of curtain me. On the contrary, it has encour-ged an active approach: though a rect view of the show is denied, uch may be learned from the actors f-stage.

In 1950-1951 members of the Center uestioned and interviewed several ousand refugees from the USSR and nce then have been organizing and terpreting the data contributed by em. "How the Soviet System Works" the summary and evaluation of a undred or more reports based on ose data. Of its authors Raymond auer and Alex Inkeles were direc-rs of research in the interview proj-t; and Clyde Kluckhohn, then head the Russian Research Center, was neral director of the project. Among em they possess the skills and in-ghts of anthropology, sociology, and cial psychology, which they apply ith good judgment.

The title of the book may suggest at it is an institutional description the USSR; it is not. It is primarily socio-psychological survey of the anner in which groups and indi-duals are affected by the Soviet gime and how they adjust them-lves to it. It shows how the process accommodation produces informal ocedures that often transmute in-itutions—in other words, revealing w the Soviet system actually orks, not how it is officially said work.

In analyzing the system the authors have given particular attention to the problems of dissatisfaction and dis-affection, problems emphasized not only because of their relation to the general concern with the Cold War but also because the research for the study was sponsored by the United States Air Force. To everyone those problems are important; to the armed forces they are vital.

The authors, being honest scholars, produce no answers that will assure us of sound sleep or low taxes. Dis-satisfaction, they find, is high in the USSR while disaffection is low. The collective farm system, the pressure of overambitious industrialization, the frustration of the national aspirations of minorities, and, above all, the prac-tices of the police state produce a widespread feeling of distress.

The regime, however, has evolved means for coping with tensions with-out allaying them, and the Soviet citizen has learned to endure and to accept in part an environment over which he has little control. That the leaders have been more successful in winning the minds of the people than in winning their hearts is shown by the fact that "the alienated Soviet citizen accepts the system and rejects the regime." The refugees, bitter as they are toward the rulers of their former homeland, accept such basic features of the system as the welfare state, centralized political powers, and state ownership of industry. But they would discard the collective farm system and many features of the po-lice state. In short, they would accept the idea of Big Brother if he were only more fraternal.

ONE would be justified in an initial questioning of the validity of such deductions about the USSR based on sources as biased as refugee groups must be. But he will find that the authors have recognized the bias of those sources and compensated for it as best they can by using supple-mentary Soviet printed sources and employing a number of testing tech-niques. The reader will find also that Bauer, Inkeles, and Kluckhohn have recognized the need for editing out the special language and rhythms of their disciplines; only occasionally may he need to pause at such phrases as "nonnurturant quality of the re-gime" and "intense anxieties about oral deprivations."

"How the Soviet System Works" is a unique and important study. More than any other, it gives one a feeling of looking at Soviet reality from the inside and provides him with a basis for realistic thinking about the future. As presented here the Soviet system, though unstable, is a dynamic one. The USSR is not settling down to a mellow maturity. Its leaders know the strains their system produces and they know their goals. They believe they can handle the strains until the goals are reached. They may be wrong.

"Thank goodness the preserves season is over—I've put up seventeen jars of raisins, twenty-two amorphal of corn, thirty-six jugs of oil, and forty pots of religious scrolls!"

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Moscow's Junior Partner

"China and Soviet Russia," by Henry Wei *(Van Nostrand. 369 pp. $7.75), surveys the history of the relationship between the two great Communist powers. Kenneth Scott Latourette, Sterling Professor Emeritus of Missions and Oriental History at Yale, is our reviewer.*

By Kenneth Scott Latourette

HE WHO would write the history of the relations between Soviet Russia and China is confronted with both necessity and frustration. Because of the major importance of the subject in the contemporary scene the attempt is imperative. We must seek to know and understand if we and our statesmen are to act wisely. Yet, because of our lack of access to crucial documents, particularly those which reveal intricacies of Soviet purposes and policies and of the Chinese Communist side, we cannot be certain of the answers to some of the most urgent questions. For example, during World War II did Stalin and his entourage consider Mao Tze-tung and his associates true Communists and was Molotov purposely deceiving Patrick Hurley when he told him that they did not regard them as such? Why, if Moscow anticipated an early Communist triumph in China and favored it did the Russians strip Manchuria of its machinery? We can draw deductions from the available evidence, but further information now denied us might disprove or modify them.

Within the limitations of such material as was available to him, Henry Wei has given us in "China and Soviet Russia" a competent and in the main extraordinarily objective summary. He has chiefly utilized what is accessible in print in English, but in this he has worked diligently. He has also consulted some sources and studies in Chinese. Such of the Russian side as he has seen appears to have been only or mainly through English translations. His sympathies are clearly Chinese, and more with the Nationalists than the Communists, and he is critical of both the Russians and the Japanese. Yet he is seldom if ever a special pleader and on some of the most highly controversial issues he seeks to present both sides.

What the book does is give a comprehensive review of relations with Soviet Russia from the beginning to the present. The author recognizes that in both China and Russia the present century has witnessed the overthrow of long-established monarchical institutions and efforts to substitute a republic. He begins with a brief account of the relations of Czarist Russia with the young Chinese Republic. Then with the coming of the Communists to power in Russia he surveys the course of their dealings with China from the early days of their regime into the 1950s. He tells his story in the setting of the internal political developments in China and of the entire context of China's foreign relations. This he does in clear but unexciting style. For the reader who may not have the time or the patience to go through the entire volume a summary chapter gives the main outlines and most of the more important highlights. The appendices contai some of the pertinent documents. Th author has disclosed little that is n already familiar to those who hav kept abreast of events across th years. He has, however, put the enti record together in more admirabl fashion than is to be found elsewher

Partly because of its restraint, th book is the more damning of th USSR. The author makes it clear tha here is a continuation, in many way far more effective than under th Czars, of the long Russian advanc across Asia. He sees significance i the fact that while in China the Sinc Soviet Friendship Association is ar dently propagated no similar organi zation exists in Russia. If the People Republic of China is not a stooge Moscow but seeks to be an equa partner it is far more dependent o Russia than is Russia on China an at least in public follows obedientl the Russian line.

Sister

By Sydney Kessler

WHEN ugliness meant so little,
It was easy to love the grotesque toy pig,
Difficult even to imagine the rutted wart
On an old man's nose.
Nor was it a matter of concern
That sister, a tom boy, was disliked
By most and always suspect of childhood's crimes.

In the end, more often than not,
She treated you meanly, which was expected
And guarded against, or loved you as a doll.
And always she was older and different from you.

But what I mean to say
Is that, with all of her flaws,
She was never ugly in any way, and this
Was apparent in everything, her movements,
Smile, apparent behind tirade and insult,
Grave bravado and utter thoughtlessness.

And what I am about, now, is that she grew
To be a sad and beautiful woman,
Was tormented no more or less than many,
Considerate to no great degree,
But beautiful.
It is that she died so recently
That I speak.
She is gone,
And there seems nothing between me, now,
And the wart on my nose, the pig grunting
Slothfully in the muddy patches of the mind.

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The Perils of a Brassbounder

'The Cape Horn Breed," by Captain William H. S. Jones, as told to P. R. Stephensen *(Criterion Books. 328 pp. $5), is an account of life aboard a full-rigged ship. Our reviewer is Felix Riesenberg, Jr., whose latest book is "Sea War," the story of the United States Merchant Marine in the Second World War.*

By Felix Riesenberg, Jr.

THROUGH the half century when great sailing ships battled Cape Horn weather and the coming of seamers the British were always pressed by Continental rivals and often surpassed by hard-driven Yankee Down Easters. But after the windjammers had their day it was mostly sailors out of the "limejuice" fleet who kept afloat in print the glory of an era that belongs in history as one of the most severe tests of man's endurance.

Near the top of the list of outstanding books contributed by Englishmen to the literature of the world's most fearsome headland belongs the latest addition, "The Cape Horn Breed," which has already been hailed from Liverpool to Melbourne as a salt-water classic. Americans who have served in sail, especially the very few remaining veterans of Cape Horn, will rate it alongside Dana's "Two Years Before the Mast," and—with the reviewer's apology if necessary—my late father's "Under Sail."

The account of the author's first voyage, as a fifteen-year-old "brassbounder" (apprentice) in the steel full-rigged ship *British Isles,* forms the main part of the narrative, and is passage from Bristol Channel to Chile by way of Cape Horn with a cargo of coal was as harrowing an adventure as any ever logged. The *British Isles* shipped only twenty-eight men before the mast, half the complement found in an "extreme" clipper fifty years earlier; also aboard were the skipper's young wife and two infants. This shortage of manpower became acute as the ship stood across the South Atlantic, 2,000 miles from land. Wisps of smoke at the main hatch announced the dreaded emergency of the coal cargo afire.

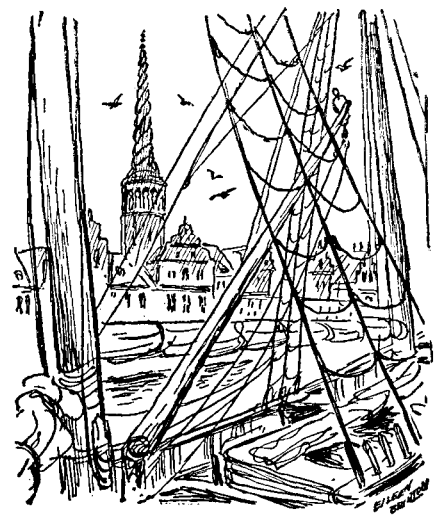
The crew was driven to the point of exhaustion, shoveling four days and nights to reach the live embers deep in the hold as the temperature hit 200° F. Then a sailor was washed overboard as they neared the Horn. Two others followed during a terrible buffeting by head seas and a sleet-laden westerly gale that drove the *British Isles* down to within 100 miles of the Antarctic Circle. Capt. William P. Barker, the thirty-one-year-old master, refused to turn back even though his command was not insured, his heavy canvas shredded, and all boats gone.

After a whole month of desperate clawing eight men were in their bunks with broken limbs or frostbite. When the stench of gangrene became unbearable in the battened-down forecastle the skipper amputated a seaman's leg, performing the remarkable operation with only the cook's meat saw, a knife and a poker. Finally a sprung mast forced the ship into the lee of Staten Island, 120 miles N.E. of Cape Horn, but at the first sign of a weather break they made sail and rounded the Horn in fifty-two days. Only eleven seamen were on their feet to sail the heavy, battered ship into Pisaqua, Chile.

THE vivid picture of Cape Horn weather, the descriptions of the men and their life aboard the *British Isles,* and the enthusiastic reports of shore incidents during the voyage, all have a freshness and on-scene ring, for they are taken from a diary kept by the young apprentice. Just as interesting is the account of re-rigging the sea-weary ship, which was one of the highlights of a book written by Captain Barker more than twenty years ago—"The Log of a Limejuicer." And the illustrations deserve special mention for they include some of the most dramatic heavy-weather photographs ever taken from the deck of a sailing ship.

Captain Jones ends his distinguished tale on a nostalgic note:

> The tall ships, and the crews that manned them, as they battled their perilous way around Cape Horn, among the hazards of drifting ice, and blizzards of sleet and snow, in the teeth of violent westerly gales prevailing



in the High South, . . . are now but memories.

ALSO NOTED: "Zoomies, Subs and Zeros," by Vice-Admiral Charles A. Lockwood and Colonel Hans Christian Adamson (Greenberg $3.95), tells of the activities of the so-called "submarine Life Guard League." The League's members were submarines stationed near the targets of air strikes on Guam, Iwo Jima, Okinawa, and the Japanese home islands in the last two years of the war when there was hardly any Japanese shipping, naval or merchant, left for them to sink.

A complete metamorphosis took place of the American submarine forces in those waters from ships of prey to ships of mercy. Sometimes under the guns of enemy shore batteries, sometimes almost inside Tokyo Bay, and always under the combined hazards of air and sea attack by the enemy and by mistaken, but trigger-happy allies, our submarines rescued more than five hundred downed fliers in the last two years of the war.

This book, though rather naïve in its philosophy of war, gives an exciting picture of the most spectacular rescues, and of the scope of the entire operation.

"Gorilla Hunter," by Fred G. Merfield (Farrar, Straus & Cudahy, $3.75), is a colorful series of anecdotes about the activities of a British hunter who made a profession of collecting animals for zoos and museums. While there is plenty of lore about the well-known African fauna here, his book is raised above the average African hunter's story by his close and sympathetic account of the great apes of West Africa—the gorillas and chimpanzees. These shy, intelligent, and remarkably complex animals present a distorted but recognizable mirror-image of mankind in Mr. Merfield's lively words. —THOMAS E. COONEY.

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The Mailbag of the Great

By JOHN HAVERSTICK

IN NEWSPAPERS and learned journals throughout the country last fall appeared this notice:

WANTED:
HAMILTON LETTERS

Columbia University is preparing for publication a new and complete edition of the papers of Alexander Hamilton. The editors wish to locate any letters to or from Hamilton and any other Hamilton documents that are in private hands. If anyone possesses such documents the editors would greatly appreciate any information on their whereabouts and availability.

In no time at all the notice brought some curious replies. From South Carolina a well-intentioned lady sent in an ordinary bound volume of "The Federalist Papers," which were co-authored by Alexander Hamilton—a volume of the type which could be obtained in any public library. The editors returned it to her. From Perth Amboy, N. J., came word there was available for inspection an andiron on which Hamilton had once placed at least one of his feet. The editors were appreciative but not interested.

As in the case of a number of such notices which have been appearing during the past decade, there were, however, replies which proved to be helpful. From a bank vault in New York City, in answer to Princeton University Press's public request for the letters of Thomas Jefferson, came a letter written by that Founding Father in 1776 just two weeks after he had also written the Declaration of Independence. To the editors of the Lincoln papers, even after they had completed their "The Collected Works of Abraham Lincoln (which comprises nine volumes of 6,870 letters and papers) came five letters from completely unsuspected sources.

The papers of famous Americans benefit the country by increasing its knowledge of its own history. Therefore, with the aid of the country's university presses these have been in process of being collected and published for several years now. Thus far tens of thousands of valuable documents have been welcomed. Thousands more would be welcomed if they could be found.

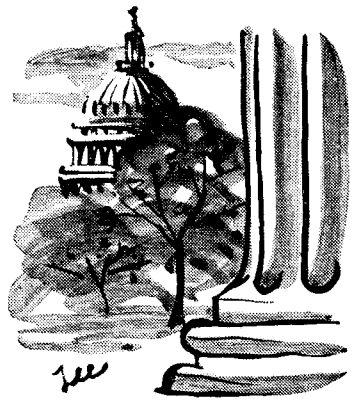
Oftentimes, however, it is only by the most diligent search that the scattered documents come to light. Recently the editor of "The Papers of Benjamin Franklin," whose personal correspondence and other documents will run to twenty-five volumes when completed by the Yale University Press, received a very courteous letter in German from the librarian of the Karl Marx University in Leipzig, which lies behind the iron curtain in Germany. Some time ago this editor, who is the historian Leonard W. Labaree, had learned that there had existed in that library back in 1895 two Franklin letters, and, though he had small hope of receiving a reply, he had written to the librarian. To his surprise the librarian replied that he was happy to grant publication rights for the letters, microfilm copies of which he enclosed. They turned out to be valuable communications written in 1751 and 1763 respectively to two successive presidents of Yale, Thomas Clap and Ezra Stiles.

When the editors of "The Complete Works of Abraham Lincoln" were collecting Lincoln papers they learned that the original manuscript of that President's annual message of 1864 had been cut up by the public printer and distributed among the printer's friends as souvenirs. It took some doing to reassemble the fragments, and not all have yet been found.

The editors of such projects do not like to emphasize their dramatic discoveries, for they feel—and rightly so—that most of their work is more synonymous with solving crossword puzzles than it is with hunting treasures. Julian P. Boyd, who is editor of the papers of Thomas Jefferson at Princeton, feels very strongly that the most important discoveries will come from what he calls "a painful, slow, thorough, unspectacular probing" of the papers and sources that are already available and have been available for a long time in libraries, archives, historical societies, and private collections. He says: "In establishing precise definitions, in fixing proper criteria for testing accuracy, in making exact collations of all known texts and in probing their relationships, in imposing upon himself the responsibility of knowing not merely what the text of a document is but how it came into being, who influenced it, what circumstances directed its phraseology and emphasis, whether it was actually employed for the purpose for which it was written—it is in doing these things that the modern editor of scholar texts performs his duty well. All us would like to come upon a trunl ful of old papers in an attic, filled wi unopened packets of letters fro George Washington explaining ho the compromises of the Federal Co vention were achieved. But ar editor who spends any time actual searching for such fortuitous disco eries—or even for discoveries of far lesser magnitude—will only living in a dream world." In oth words, it is the plodding kind work which pays off—provided o encourages accidents thereby. One a cident which very recently happen to Mr. Boyd: He was examining t back of a Jeffersonian invoice wh he discovered thereon the origin drawings for one of Jefferson's bes known inventions, the moldboa plow. "I'd seen it a dozen times," says, "and it suddenly came to n what it was."

But though their work may fr quently seem undramatic to the ed tors themselves, even they admit th they have had their moments and th these moments have increased o knowledge of history. One of the mc important moments for Dr. Roy Basler, who edited the Lincoln colle tion, came with the discovery that, co trary to popular belief, Abraham Li coln did not write the Gettysbu Address on the back of an old enve ope while he was traveling by tra to the Civil War battlefield. T Lincoln collection has at least tv drafts of the speech, to back this contention. The first of the was written in ink on White Hou stationery, indicating that Linco wrote it before he left Washingt for Gettysburg. The second exta draft was also written on White Hou stationery and then amended.

The most dramatic moment for t editors of Jefferson's papers can with the discovery of a rough dr in Jefferson's hand of the Declar tion of Independence. The reason th it had not come to light before t time is that the reverse side of t page had been used by Jefferson f



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penning a resolution for the promotion of a disgruntled Revolutionary general. Nobody had ever examined the side of the document on which the Declaration of Independence appeared.

By such methods the editors can sometimes discover interesting traits in the personalities who made American history. The editors of the Adams family papers, which will be published by the Harvard University Press, discovered a revealing trait in the personality of John Adams, the second President of the United States, when they came across a copy of the Declaration of Independence in his own handwriting. Adams, it seems, had gone around to see Jefferson on the eve of that famous event, made a copy for himself, and taken it home.

The editors of the Jefferson papers deduced an interesting sidelight in the character of James Madison, the fourth President of the United States. In October 1784 Madison journeyed with Lafayette to take part in negotiations for an Indian treaty. Upon his return he wrote Jefferson a rather candid description of his companion Lafayette. The description brands Lafayette as a vain man with "a strong thirst for praise and popularity." After Jefferson's death some decades later Madison retrieved his letters to Jefferson and in the case of his description of Lafayette obliterated certain words, thereby toning down his criticism of the French general. For the editors the difficult part of discovering this change of heart in Madison resulted from the fact that the original document was written in code (a practice in early days, when postal services were likely to open communications) and that a sly Madison in modifying his opinion had inserted a few false code symbols in his later life just to confuse posterity.

As for Lincoln, the editors of his papers learned that the Civil War President, despite his other qualities, was by no means a great speller. One reader of "The Collected Works of Abraham Lincoln" discovered that Lincoln stumbled over the spelling of at least sixty words during his young manhood. The future President at that time had trouble with the word "begining" [sic]. The word "verry" threw him twenty-nine times in twelve years. So did, frequently, such words, according to Lincoln's own spelling, as "confering," "defered," "intitled," "previlege," "prairy," bussiness," "considderation," "immagination," and "melancholly." Happily, as Lincoln aged he became a better speller, and when it came to Presidential papers he made very few mistakes.

Of all the papers of famous men those of Lincoln are hardest to come by because the appeal of his fame even when he was living caused admirers to collect his papers. Thus they are by far the most scattered. The easiest to come by seem to be the Adams family papers. Several generations of that famous New England family saved their letters, which were later stored intact in a stone building in Quincy, Mass. Jefferson made things easier for his editors by keeping an "Epistolatory Record" of all his correspondence and, in many cases, carbon copies of his frequent daily output of fifty letters, which he wrote, revised, and rewrote to the glee—and confusion—of present-day scholars.

PROBABLY the most difficult letters to track down have been those of Benjamin Franklin. Franklin's letters and papers disappeared when his grandson William Temple Franklin took them to Europe while he was assembling the memoirs of his forbear in 1818. There some of these were stored in a trunk which Temple Franklin's widow claimed in 1823. But after that they disappeared again. In 1840 some papers were found in the shop of a London tailor who was using them for cutting patterns. Another batch of papers, turned over by Temple Franklin to the Fox family of Philadelphia, rested in a garret for forty years and in 1862 was barely saved from being sold for pulp.

The editors of collected papers have other troubles, too. From the owners of many documents they have received the utmost consideration. But from the owners of others they have by no means been so well treated. In the case of the Lincoln papers there was for some time a large gap because the grandson of William H. Seward, Lincoln's Secretary of State, refused to cooperate. Telegrams, telephone calls, and personal visits could not persuade the younger Mr. Seward to allow these papers to be examined, and not until he died (while Volume IV of "The Collected Works of Abraham Lincoln" was being published) could Lincoln's letters to Seward be included in the collection.

One of the greatest troubles of all which faces the editors of such collections is the problem of persuading the owners of original documents to allow copies to be made of these letters. Many owners believe this decreases their value and they are probably right if they want to be selfish. As a result, probably no recently published collection is complete.

Yet the editors have to admit that their task is in many ways easier than it was in the days when scholars first realized the value of collecting such papers. In the early nineteenth century one William B. Sprague, who was tutoring in a Virginia family near Mount Vernon, approached Judge Bushrod Washington, the nephew of the first President of the U.S., in the hope of attaining Washington's papers and letters. In this he was successful, but only after he had laboriously copied out in longhand more than 1,500 Washington originals so that each paper which he took could be replaced by a copy. Today's editors of the collected works of famous Americans need be under no such obligation. They do not need the original at all. Instead, they are only too happy to be allowed to copy the original—and not in longhand either but by modern, highly efficient microfilm.

Here is a list of the chief collections of the letters and papers of famous Americans which have been (or will in the future be) published by the country's university presses, together with their prices.

Already published:

"The Collected Works of Abraham Lincoln." 9 vols. Rutgers University Press. $115.

"The Letters of Theodore Roosevelt." 8 vols. Harvard University Press. $75.

"Mr. Franklin." (A preliminary one-volume collection of letters from "The Papers of Benjamin Franklin.") Yale University Press. $3.75.

"The Papers of Thomas Jefferson." 12 vols. out of an estimated 50 vols. to be published. Princeton University Press. $10 ea.

To be published:

"The Adams Papers." Harvard University Press.

"The Journals of Ralph Waldo Emerson." Harvard University Press.

"The Letters of Emily Dickinson." Harvard University Press.

"The Letters and Papers of James Fenimore Cooper." Harvard University Press.

"The Papers of Alexander Hamilton." Columbia University Press.

"The Papers of Henry Clay." University of Kentucky Press.

"The Papers of John C. Calhoun." University of South Carolina Press.

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When Statesmen Come Together

IT is doubtful whether any comment on war is more familiar than the one which holds that if only the leaders of the nations could be made to sit around the same table long enough peace might be realized. It is usually added by way of emphasis that the door should be locked until a peaceful solution is reached.

The perpetual charm of this approach, of course, is in its simple directness. Nations go to war; leaders are at the head of nations; therefore bring the leaders together and have them talk it out. A basic fallacy, however, underlies this reasoning. Talking is always better than shooting, but if the men who do the talking are unable to commit themselves to basic changes in the relationships of their nations to one another, then they may postpone a showdown but they have not necessarily averted it.

No single lesson in history was more urgent and important to the men who met in Philadelphia in 1787 than that peace is too important to be left to last-minute conferences. There was no place in their thinking for the notion that the most essential work in the world could be hastily improvised by political chieftains who had been riding hard all along in different directions. The genius of the Constitution-makers was that they read themselves out of the picture. They fitted themselves into something larger and more durable than an *ad hoc* approach to survival and freedom. That larger something was a Constitutional framework of law in which all men, including the heads of the states themselves, had specific obligations. And along with the obligations went firm limitations on the power of individuals.

The American federation-makers placed their reliance not on the variable moods of men but on the rules of the game and the machinery that could make it work. Not that human agencies could be dispensed with; even laws had to be interpreted and enforced by men. But laws at least defined the standard and supplied the yardsticks of justice. Without laws each man would be his own court and enforcement agency. This would incline him to conflict as naturally as he would start up at a strange sound in the dark. Law might not aways work. It might be corrupted or distorted, but that only emphasized the need to restore it and bolster it, and not to dispense with it.

IT SEEMS probable that once the American elections are over and the issue of human survival becomes relevant again a cry will go up for another meeting of the Big Four or Big Five or whatever the magic number may seem to be at the time. Lending urgency to such a meeting would be the increasing realization that megaton explosives are fast approaching the point of no control; that pilotless carriers for these weapons can span the oceans in fifteen minutes; and that the stain of another war would leave its mark on generations to come.

Such a meeting, because of the very fact of its being held, might reduce the tensions. It might result in mutual pledges to abstain from further development or manufacture of the continental pulverizing explosives. These pledges might even be backed up by agreements to make each nation accessible to inspectors from other nations. All this is helpful, but it doesn't meet the problem where the problem exists. The real problem is not agreement or treaty but law. It is the kind of law that operates under a sovereignty of its own in the area of world peace. It requires a specific structure of world organization which is not subordinate to the individual nations in matters of arms control or world security. It inspects and enforces not because it is permitted to do so but because that is its clearly defined job. It can use all the good will it can get but it doesn't count on it, and it can exercise its authority without it if it has to.

The heads of states are not to be blamed if their crisis meetings skirt the real problem. For they are themselves prisoners of the very sovereignty they have come to protect and preserve. Thus meetings at the top level tend to be limited to a reshuffling of old factors rather than the creation of the necessary new ones.

In order that binding commitments instead of tentative agreements may be made it may be essential to look beyond the emergency meetings to a full-scale convention of the nations. The agenda for such a convention would be swept clean of the usual items involving national prestige and power, thrust and counterthrust, plot and counterplot. There would be one major item on the agenda: The creation of a common authority with sovereignty of its own, responsible to the world's peoples, with enforceable powers over disarmament. In short, the agenda is survival.

If such powers existed in the United Nations today it would be neither necessary nor possible to summon a conference outside of it for the purpose of dealing with immediate threats to the peace, as in the case of the Suez Canal. In fact, nothing more sharply dramatizes the nature of the present world anarchy than the fact that the U.N. was hardly even mentioned in the efforts to deal with the Suez crisis.

No objection to the argument for enforceable world law is weaker than the one which says: "Sure, but how?" Adequate action begins with a declaration of intent. It advances through advocacy. It comes to life through special effort with some measure of dedication behind it. When this is done we will be in a position to estimate either the difficulties or the possibilities or both, but not before. —N. C.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

'HINK OF A MAN"

HAVE just been reading "Think of a an" (*SR*, August 4). Congratula- ons. It should be printed in pamphlet rm and distributed all over the United ates. It is a historical pageant that ovokes thought and inspires.

CARLOS P. ROMULO,
Philippine Ambassador to the United States.

ashington, D.C.

HE PUBLICATION of your editorial is one the really significant events of this ne of troubles.

Permit me to offer my humble con- atulations on a superb job. I prophesize ith confidence that this editorial will nk as a classic. Moreover, if we are ise enough to take your warning seri- isly the editorial will be at least as ell regarded as the New Testament in a ousand years from now. This is not taggeration due to emotion; it is a refully calculated assessment.

GLADSTONE MURRAY.

oronto, Canada

OUR EDITORIAL was exceptionally helpful. is a very necessary warning against the laily trivia that soaks up his time" for l of us engrossed in our daily chores. I hope that you already have planned reprint this, and I know at least 100 ople to whom I shall be glad to send if you make it available as a separate mphlet.

I feel sure that you have had some her similar requests because I believe at the majority of us, in our reflective oments, fully appreciate the urgency the problem which you raise.

MARK STARR.
Educational Director, ILGWU

ew York, N.Y.

OU MUST KNOW that your editorial gave a considerably exciting evening of ut loud" reading. A bristling rapport ch as yours with all the fields you e to stir the reader is a real gift. We e happy to be the recipients!

(Rev.) CLARENCE B. LUND.

inneapolis, Minn.

ONE SINCE HIROSHIMO HAS EXPRESSED ODERN MAN'S POSITION WITH SUCH CLARITY D FORCE AS YOU THINK OF A MAN IT JST REACH EVERY TEACHER, PREACHER, AND SINESSMAN. EVERYONE SHOULD BE MADE HEAR IT. I SHOULD LIKE TO STAND ON REET CORNERS READING IT ALOUD TO SSERS-BY.

BARBARA SMITH.

noenix, Ariz.

ERMIT ME TO express my very deep ap- eciation for your most thoughtful and imulating editorial and its accompany- g quotations.

We are organizing a new course this fall in which I wish to emphasize the type of thinking you invited. I can think of no better way in which to begin than to have the class of 365 freshmen reflect upon this editorial. Therefore, I would like to inquire whether it might be possible to get that many reprints at a nominal cost?

C. LEONARD HOAG.
Chairman, Middlebury College.

Middlebury, Vt.

YOUR PERCEPTION YOUR TENDERNESS YOUR CLARITY AND YOUR TWIST OF THE KNIFE IS AN ENCOUNTER WITH THE BEAUTIFUL

MRS. LEMUEL AYERS.

New York, N.Y.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Reprints of "Think of A Man" may be obtained in quantities of ten or more at seven cents each. In quantities of 100 or more the price is five cents. Orders should be sent to Reprint Department, Saturday Review, 25 West 45th St., New York 36, N. Y.*

THROUGH HISTORY WITH J. WESLEY SMITH

"Go ahead and nominate anybody you want—I can't stand tobacco smoke."

POETRY: CAVIAR TO THE GENERAL

I WAS IMMENSELY pleased with John Ciardi's article (*SR* July 28). While the theme has been a truism for two hundred years and more, Ciardi's treatment is fresh and solid. In my long career of eighty-six years I question if any poet in England or America has been able entirely to live off the sale of his wares. I am not a poet in the true sense, just a writer of verse—three volumes—and the total income from the sale of the three would not cover the cost of a modern dishwashing machine. My younger brother, Cale Young Rice, a genuine poet in his own right, author of twenty-two volumes, happily had an independent living, else he would have starved if dependent for meat and bread on the sale of his books. The tragic truth is that poetry ever has been "caviar to the general," and probably always will be. The Ciardi article wastes no tears in lamenting this stark truth, and what gives it buoyancy is its frank breasting of the fact that the creation of much present poetry has gravitated to the level of university patronage; and any art that becomes subservient to faculty direction—if not control — automatically is hamstrung. Several of Ciardi's statements stand out with solid assurance—if not effrontery. Neatly he gives the *coup de grâce* to the idea that a poet must descend into the dusty arena of life before he can hope to create lines that will live: "The subject of poetry is human experience, and experience is not a physical occupation. I am tempted to argue that experience—the only kind of experience that counts —is an inner scale on which one balances his life against his death." He scores a bullseye when he states that since the "universities are analytical and critical in intent" the poet who strives to be creative is at a great disadvantage if in university leading strings; but his analogy—the comparing of such a poet

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with a polevaulter—seems overdrawn. Since I abominate the ultramodernistic trend toward eccentricity, sheer novelty, puzzlement, and obfuscation, I chortled over the salvo *in re* certain poets: "The disease they suffer from is a fear of simplicity." In order "to keep up with the Joneses" perforce they must subscribe to the academic ukase: "Publish or perish . . . write . . . write something . . . build that bibliography!" I wonder how many promising young poets, like Shelley, in recent years have left some university with a "valuable disgust."

LABAN LACE RICE.

Orlando, Fla.

ON A DARKLING PLAIN

HARRISON SMITH is not alone in his awareness of our "Age of Anxiety" as expressed in his editorial (*SR* July 28). While most men recognize fear as a negative force few find the faith to challenge it. Some, however, manage to make their challenges articulate and beautiful.

Faulkner, for instance, in accepting the Nobel Prize for Literature in 1950 made this the theme of his acceptance speech: "Our tragedy today is a general and universal physical fear so long sustained that we can even bear it. There are no longer problems of the spirit. There is only the question: When will I be blown up?" But he meets and defies the force of fear by saying, "I decline to accept the end of man. It is easy enough to say that man is immortal simply because he will endure; . . . I believe that man will not merely endure: he will prevail. He is immortal not because he alone among creatures has an inexhaustible voice, but because he has a soul, a spirit capable of compassion and sacrifice and endurance."

And J. Robert Oppenheimer in a powerful nationwide radio speech reminded us that "this is a world in which each of us will have to cling to what is close to him, to what he knows, to what he can do, to his friends and his tradition and his life, lest he be dissolved in a universal confusion and know nothing and love nothing."

This sounds remarkably like another admonition: from the seventeenth century comes echoing the somber and prophetic muse of Mathew Arnold's "Dover Beach":

> Ah love, let us be true
> To one another! for . . .
> . . . we are here as on a darkling plain
> Swept with confused alarms of struggle and flight
> Where ignorant armies clash by night.

WALLACE R. TRESS.

Indianapolis, Ind.

LEFT HAND, RIGHT HAND

I THOROUGHLY ENJOY the editing of *SR* if for no other reason than the mellow paradoxes, ironies, inconsistencies, antitheses, etc., which pop up in at least every other issue. For example, in the editorial "Fear as a Weapon" Harrison Smith ponders the unhealthful state of American fear, anxiety, and despair, and suggests that media of communication are contributory causal factors. Subsequently, four pages hence, Arthur Knight reviews the cinema orgy "Bullfight" and informs us that "the moment of truth" (*i.e.*, "slaughter") is no longer censorable, and that we can now view (*i.e.*, slaver to) this sublimated sexuality (*i.e.*, art) with our composed Latin neighbors. So the latter article rather answers, illustrates, substantiates, and perhaps embarrasses the former.

JAMES T. MEHORTER.

Charlottesville, Va.

"TOM O'BEDLAM"

I MUST take exception to Horace Gregory's trifling reference in his review of "The Crowning Privilege" (*SR* July 28) to "Tom O'Bedlam," the least deservedly obscure poem in the English language.

While I do not subscribe to the Robert Graves-Laura Riding thesis that Shakespeare wrote this poem, I think it is both different from and surpasses the Tom arias in "King Lear"—I do feel they should be commended rather than scoffed at for presenting the poem (along with entertaining if rather wild conjectures about it) to its first wide audience after centuries of relative obscurity.

It may be permissible for Mr. Gregory to assess Robert Graves's gifts rather casually, but when he slights what may be considered the finest personal lyric in our literature we grow dismayed, even alarmed at the prospect that "Tom O' Bedlam," which it took us so long to rediscover, may sink from view again. In any case I recommend that poets and poetry lovers unfamiliar with its magic read it for themselves (Auden: "Poets of the English Language," Vol. II).

DACIHNE RAINER.

Bearsville, N.Y.

KNOBBED CUDGELS NO FAIR

YES, OF Donnybrook Fair and of the "crowning" privileges enjoyed there I mention in one of my books—but I can't recall which—that a coroner's inquest once brought a verdict of *felo-de-se* on a man who had visited Donnybrook in Fair time with a paper-thin skull. The only accepted rules at the Fair were that one should not use metal on one's *shillelagh*, or strike from behind; and blackthorn clubs with knobs (a *shillelagh* meant specifically an oak club cut from a wood of that name in Wicklow) were used only by black-hearted tinkers.

Horace Gregory, your reviewer of my "Crowning Privilege," must have a trace of tinker in his blood when he accuses me of attacking E. E. Cummings, whose work I love (this side of idolatry); of confusing biographical facts in my treatment of Milton, about whom I know at least more than the next man, from a concentrated two-year study of his life and works; and of "misrepresenting" Pound's lack of Latin, when I give a word-for-word rendering of Propertius's original, and set it next of Pound's miraculous dog-translation.

My conversations on nursery rhymes are outmoded? "The Crowning Privilege" contains a short historical essay on the dating of nursery rhymes by internal evidence; and what can have outmoded it in the USA, since its first publication two years ago, I don't know. Certainly not any critical rebuttal. As for "The Night Before Larry Was Stretched" being a non-poem may God forgive Mr. Gregory!

And if he counts Pope's laborious birthday lines to Martha Blount as indicating any Muse quality in her may the Goddess forgive him! Pope politely wishes Matty a long life, good health and a friend (other than himself), and hopes that she will eventually:

> Peaceful sleep out the sabbath of the tomb,
> And wake to raptures in a life to come. . . .

Also, I have a "distaste for poems of fine-grained texture," have I, indeed? In making a dart at my napper with his knobbed cudgel Mr. Gregory (if I may put it in the Irish way) has tripped over the tail of his own coat! Who was the author of a book called "Contemporary Techniques of Poetry" (Hogarth Press London, 1925), which first introduced this very word "texture" (later taken up and exploited by Dame Edith Sitwell) into the modern critical vocabulary, by quoting appreciative instances of fine grain?

ROBERT GRAVES.

Deyá, Majorca.

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BROADWAY POSTSCRIPT

Groundlings' Theatre

LAST week saw the opening of two productions of Shakespeare's "The Taming of the Shrew." One was in the stylish new Connecticut home for American Shakespeare at a $4.80 top, and the other was in the stony, inaccessible East River Drive Amphitheatre in lower Manhattan, where Joseph Papp's Shakespearean Theatre Workshop operated at no admission fee. The Stratford production is gaily caparisoned but effetely skirts the comedy's lusty content. The East River production bangs the obscenities over the head or, more accurately, over the tail, to the delight of some 1,800 "groundlings" who may come for cultural zing but who are rewarded with hotcakes of rough, bawdy cornmeal.

Given the difficulties that this latter production faced, namely, finding professionals to act without pay under miserable production conditions, director Stuart Vaughan and his volunteer acting brigade did a most intelligent job.

As Katherina the beauteous Colleen Dewhurst makes a strong, voluptuous shrew who cares more about life's earthy passions than its outward show of manners. Miss Dewhurst is at her best in the honeymoon scene, where in frustration at being starved she flings herself face up on a bench and shrieks. And the audience knows exactly how she feels, for it has seen his Kate thrown to the pavement, wrestled with, kicked, goosed, slapped, and manhandled for the best part of two hours. And when finally in the last scene Kate tells us the lesson she has learned it, too, is not empty words but the summing up of experience recalled through the pain of real body bruises. Jack Cannon is a bit scrawny to play Petruchio, but Mr. Vaughan has seen to it that his physical supremacy over Kate is never in doubt. From the moment he begins to woo and/or tame the shrew never has a chance. When Mr. Cannon gasps "Thus have I politicly begun my reign" it is in such a state of exhaustion that the audience laughs in recognition of the terrible energy a man must exert to maintain a healthy marriage. Joseph Barr as Kate's contantly nonplused Father, Monica May as a poisonously coy Bianca, and Daniel Durning as a twitchy-touchy tailor are all nicely conceived. However, one wishes that Mr. Vaughan would caution his actors against using a large part of their effort to illustrate words like "me" and "stomach." These words even "groundlings" understand. But even intellectuals would be hard put to keep up with the mixed-up subplot unless actors clarify matters by playing situations rather than words.

Oddly enough, the superior cast at Stratford fared worse, because director Norman Lloyd gave his actors an essentially undramatic situation to play. Mr. Lloyd uses Shakespeare's prologue, in which a band of strolling players enters to enact "The Taming of the Shrew" for the benefit of Christopher Sly. While the prologue and the "play" begin amusingly with Donald Harron and Mitchell Agruss performing the first scene as a vaudeville team, complete with off-to-Buffalo exit, the jest soon wearies. The audience wants to believe in the Kate-Petruchio part of the story, and the actors refuse to let it. Nina Foch's Kate is emotionally sterile. Indeed, she seems politely shocked when Petruchio mentions that he intends to keep warm in her bed. Pernell Roberts, who has all the equipment and power to make a great Petruchio, wastes his talents in a smug, suavely cozening portrayal. Thus the play disintegrates into a series of cute comic routines of the practical-joke variety. Chairs are repeatedly pulled out from under people about to sit. A cash register sounds off stage at intervals during a financial discussion. Clouds of powder emanate from books as they are closed in people's faces. And at one point Kate goes so far as to pull a salt shaker out of her garter to sprinkle on a piece of meat. Most of these zany antics are only nominally humorous. They become doubly perishable because audience interest is so loosely held by a main plot that is being toyed with rather than enacted. Perhaps theatregoers who adored "Fallen Angels" or "The Matchmaker" will find this "The Taming of the Shrew" similarly entertaining to a lesser degree. But the judicious are apt to grieve more in this hallowed Housatonic hall than they are among the noisy and inexplicable dumb shows of the East River groundlings. —HENRY HEWES.

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SR GOES TO THE MOVIES

"... Where the Handclasp's a Little Stronger..."

IN 1890, with the slaughter of the Sioux at Wounded Knee, the "Wild West" came to an end. The myth of the cowboy—the Westerner—born in the dime novels that began to appear during the Civil War was being readied for exploitation to an audience undreamed of by the purveyors of that popular literature.

Only thirteen years later, in 1903, a long-forgotten actor named George Barnes, appearing in Edwin S. Porter's "The Great Train Robbery" in nickelodeons throughout the country, leveled his revolver and fired point-blank at the audience. In that one explosive closeup actuality and legend became entwined in the guise of an American Passion play—the "Western." The Plains Indian, the gunfighter, the blue-coated cavalry, the scout, the cattle drive, and the lawless sin town were just receding into the past when this first American story film appeared. Whether coincidence or not, this poignant American experience —this messianic drive west and the raffish, wild, free life it fostered—became the theme for countless Hollywood films and implanted the West into our national consciousness.

What was appealing in the West to Porter is what appeals to all of us: the universality of its primitivism, the struggle of man against man or man against the scourge of nature, the appallingly beautiful landscape, the heroic will, and the uncomplicated quality of its moral conflicts. In time the Western would evolve from its topicality, its immediacy into a stylized pattern, with its own codes of behavior and ceremonials. This pattern, abstracted less from life than from the romantic and sentimental theatrical and literary conventions, contained a prologue and the final revelation—the chase.

For a young country the Frontier was the only tissue of mythology that gave credence to its existence and lent support to its hard-headed Calvinism—the duty of work, the superiority of ownership, and the grace of the chosen who spewed racialism and Christian ideals in the same breath. It was an epic of blood, rapacity, great courage, and unparalleled opportunity. But what Hollywood offered through the years was an artificial scent of pietistic tradition, falsehood, banalized sociology, and action for action's sake. Its West was a sagebrush vacuum, steeped in melodrama and sentimentality and bound by rigid convention and social prudery.

WHATEVER its value as entertainment, the Western perpetuates the myth of individualism in an age of ever-increasing mass action and presents an answer to frustration in the law of the gun and its irrevocable decision. It recalls an era in which the American believes and to which he is coming back with renewed interest as his own world becomes more confused, his own motivations more hazy, and the future a dire prediction. There is safety in the misty memory of that struggle of Good and Evil fought by giants in costume, men of no discernible antecedents, occupation, or time.

The popular Western was established in the era of Bronco Billy, William S. Hart, Art Acord, Jack Hoxie, Wally Wales, Fred Thompson, Buck Jones, and that Holy Trinity of boyhood—Tom Mix, Hoot Gibson, and Ken Maynard. This galaxy of frozen-faced deities has long since disappeared, replaced by a tougher school, more concerned with the facts or at least the essence: the isolation of the gunfighter, lynch law, the lonely cowpoke, the injustice to the Indian and his entrance as a symbol into the American conscience, and a use of the genre as an allegory of contemporary American life. This would seem to be a maturing—Westerns are now the province of the "best" actors and directors—both artistically and sociologically. Recent films, however, would dispel any ideas of progress in the Western as a legitimate and mellowing art form:

"Walk the Proud Land" (Universal-International) starring Audie Murphy, is the story of John P. Clum, a famous Apache agent, who met with civil and military opposition before he succeeded in teaching those snaky fighters self-government on their reservation at San Carlos, Arizona. Like other "serious" efforts, it is an earnest, dreary exercise in naive anthropology, Hollywood's vulgar apology for all "the only good injun . . ." films. Here "the white man speaks with forked tongue of snake"; the Territory Governor is a cheap politician who sees the light at the end with that West Coast smile signifying redemption or "understanding"; its Indian heroine is more appropriate to Portofino than San Carlos. The facts are just close enough to tease, but its protagonists seem like graduate school social workers or psychoti delinquents. It attempts to be pedanti and reconstruct a specific time an place, but the screen is smeare with That Bar Fight you've yawne through a thousand times, a drunke Irish cavalry sergeant, good and ba Indian brothers, and a patently phon tribal dance in which Tommy Ral skitters about the stage in the ap proved "American-type" ballet style Indifferently photographed, with n feel for that harsh and devourin desert country, the film does have on unintentional virtue: a devastatin portrait of The American Schoolgir Wife.

"The Last Wagon" (Twentieth Century-Fox) has the virtue of explorin the same locale—the Apache Southwest—with a camera that takes ful advantage of the blistering, cragge landscape. Its story concerns a ma raised by Comanches (that apotheosi of neurotic modern America—Richar Widmark) and driven to outlawry b four brothers who rape and murde his Indian wife and children. Havin killed three of his pursuers he i captured and with his tormentor, a sadistic sheriff, joins a wagon train The train is attacked and the survivor start an "epic" trek back to Civilization wherein the laconic hero proves t the Injun haters you can be okay eve if you were brought up by Comanches

There is a good moment whic occurs before the credits: Widmar in a running gun and knife figh through a gorge with the fou brothers. It is photographed almos entirely in long or medium-long shot and gives a sense of the hostile coun try. Fine, too, is Widmark's reliance on knives and axes, important factor in the Western arsenal.

"The Burning Hills" (Warner Brothers) is the best of this poor lot, a hoary but leanly-told tale of the bo rancher avenging his brother's mur der. If it has all the standard ingredients—greedy cattle baron, psycho pathic son, sneering gunmen—it als details certain neglected minutia o Western life: a closeup of a blue Colt being emptied with deliberation roweled Mexican spurs, loco weed, th Indian tracker, and the unbridled se of hoodlums with a half-breed Mexican girl. In addition it has a fine scrambling, dusty fight to the deat that captures some of that desperat fatigue and fright. The film is beautifully photographed by Ted McCor in Warner-color and features Tal Hunter, a lithe, believable athlete.

To carp a bit more: In these film the costumes, the weapons, the dialogue are all wrong. Western speec may have been spare; it was neve banal. —MARK SUFRIN.

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Fiction

Continued from page 16

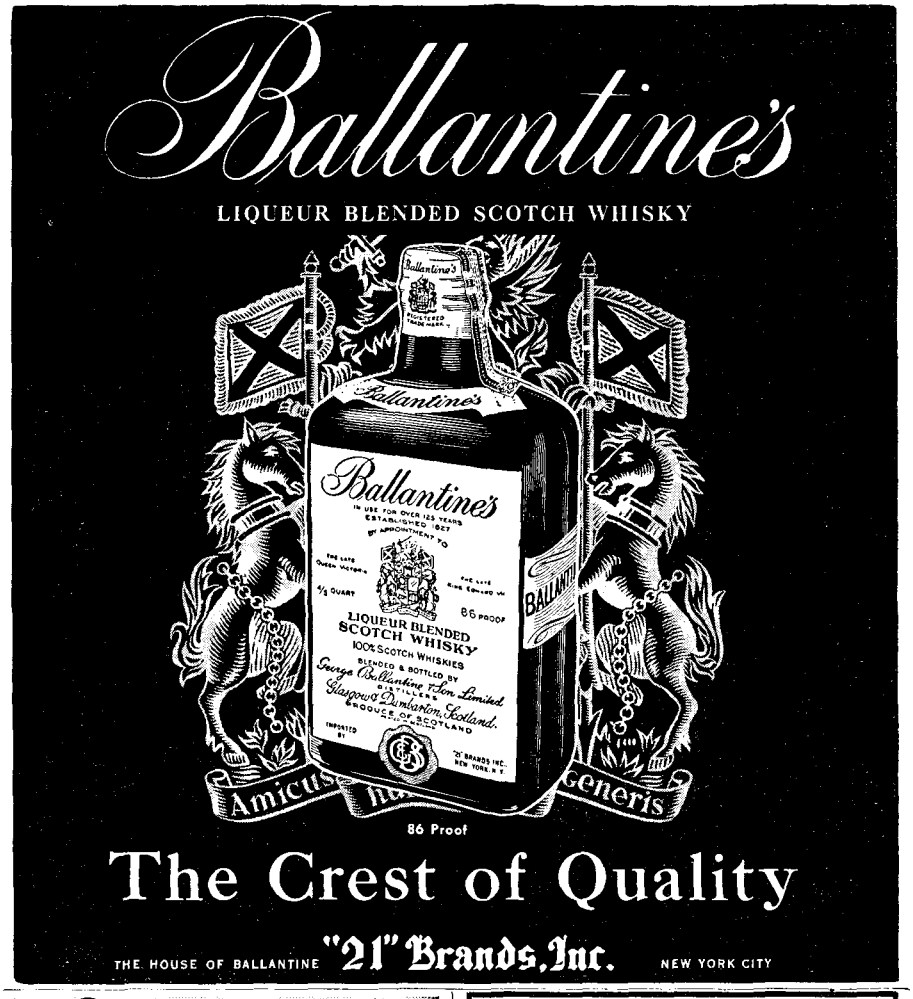
this lushly contrived flim-flam is the work of the author of such successful confections as "Kitty" and "Duchess Hotspur."

"Sprig Muslin," by Georgette Heyer (Putnam, $3.75), serves up a nineteenth-century romance enlivened by a comic chase that sees Sir Gareth Ludlow on the track of the unpredictable Amanda. This impish young lady teases a score of admirers and elopes with a "greybeard" uncle before Sir Gareth finally corners Amanda's affections. This is Miss Heyer's twenty-sixth novel and should satisfy readers with a taste for a gay, amusing, and unpretentious reading-lark.

"The Gates of Brass," by McCready Huston (Lippincott, $3.50), open to allow Reese Entrikin, a junior banker from Philadelphia's Main Line, to take stock of his sheltered life. How he kicks over the traces of his socially-ambitious family and finds a job and wife on his own is the gist of this tale. Old-time novelist and reporter Huston's patter is so smooth, amiable, and predictable that it generates more drowsiness than excitement.

"So Far from Spring," by Peggy Simon Curry (Viking, $3.95), is concerned with the lives and loves of cattle ranchers in North Rock, Col., at the turn of the century. On this vast and lonely land Kelsey Cameron sturdily carves out his destiny, which becomes complicated by the emotional acrobatics of three women. Prim, his Scottish wife, wields a vicious tongue sharpened by the guilt of premarital affairs and feelings of personal inferiority; Heather, the adolescent daughter draws disturbing male attention; and there is robust Monte, who gives Kelsey a financial start, hoping for his love. Mrs. Curry, an established short-story writer, packs her novel with vibrant earthiness and psychological tensions that make it a first-rate reading experience.

"A Little More Than Kin," by Nelia Gardener White (Viking, $3.50), is a record of a lifetime of rivalry between lawyer Oliver Hogg and his aggressive and more popular twin-brother, Judge Phineas Hogg. So consistently is Ollie beaten out by Phin that when lovely Cassie chooses him as a mate rather than his charming twin he drives his marriage onto the rocks. Gradually, through the powers of positive thinking, he mends the broken pieces. Mrs. White's ninth novel employs the rewarding technique of having Ollie crossexamine himself and dramatically come to face some unpleasant truths. —S. P. MANSTEN.



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The Leisure of the Theory Class

Continued from page 10

nothing else to do, when you couldn't stop before this because you had everything else to do. Walter Mittys will be Walter Mittys.

Every year our accumulated character gets more and more the best of our resolutions, and surrender to habits of inefficiency or of self-exculpation becomes the visible stigmata of our fate. "There," said the sot from the gutter, as he watched the successful man whirl by in a Cadillac, "there but for me go I." This dominance of habit holds hardly less of virtue than of vice. When the normal lethargy of age has had its way with our swindling resolution we shall in our new-found leisure be mostly doing less and less of the more and more we have promised ourselves to do. This continuity of character is a small enough boon for retirement; but it is something to know that we can, and probably will, keep on doing the same we have been doing, in diminishing degree.

LET it, however, be the fourth bead of our rosary for old age that we can and probably will do something, a little, of the different. Surely we have all promised ourselves that come retirement and leisure, we would do something "worthwhile"—and little doubt each has dreamed therewith of innovation. Seldom is the labor of our livelihood wholly self-rewarding, and retirement is a chance to even accounts with ourselves before we die.

A lawyer friend of mine told me some years ago that when he had "salted away" a million dollars—he was a Texas oil lawyer!—he was going to retire and "do something worthwhile." He made his million in record time, but didn't retire. To my kidding he replied that the dollar had been devalued; that he'd have to make it two million in order really to have one million. He presently bulged it to two million, and still didn't retire. To my twitting he now replied that he didn't know what more "they" might do to the dollar. So he'd make it three million to keep his two million one million! I smiled cynically and turned to his secretary to say, "He's kidding himself, not me. If he ever retires short of death I authorize you to send me a telegram collect, with the happy news." Well, my cynicism was premature, as cynicism usually is: my friend made his three million and I got a padded telegram two pages long—at my expense! It was worth it to find so noteworthy an exception to the rule that in retirement we'll do less and less of the same rather than more and more of the different.

I myself, on this very point, have told my friends far and wide that when I retire—that's *now*, I must remind myself!—I mean to study law, and then spend the rest of my life helping my community stay out of litigation. I've even picked out a young man in the law school as partner and have authorized him upon graduation to engage offices, hang out our shingle, and get the fees coming in to support me in a style to which school teaching has accustomed me. But what do you estimate the odds that I will go through with it, seeing that I did not finish law school while I was at it, and have only played with the idea these forty years? Don't hold your breath until you hear that I have won my first case at law.

The fifth of my beads comes so close to branding me a "do-gooder" that at the expense of arousing suspicion I wish to forfend myself of the accusation. To be a do-gooder is, as you must know, something semi-heinous in our generation. But to do more good than we have done is still a general aspiration, and one quite honorable. But do you know the difference here involved? The doer of good does something *with* people; the do-gooder does something *to* people. The do-gooder makes "easy simplicity of lives not his own." No do-gooder does so little good as an old do-gooder. When you have not saved the world in sixty-six years you will hardly save it in the remaining years, not even if you redouble your effort to make up for bedimming goals.

Against that background of clarification let us develop our foreground of aspiration. All around us is good that cries to be done. There are adolescents whom we might help turn from delinquency. There are bickering couples whom we might save from divorce. There are suffering folk whose pain we might mitigate and whose loneliness we might assuage.

And all this chiefly by being available at the right time. How many, many people above all other needs need to be listened to! A young minister in the Midwest told me within the month a moving tale, documented with cases from fornication forfended to suicide prevented, of how he had been of help simply by staying in the church one night a week with lights on and doors open so that anyone might come in from God knows what in the lighted darkness of a great city. Such usefulness is no pipe dream.

Passing from action to understanding, retirement will give me a chance to comprehend more things more fully. This is a bead acquired particularly under the egis of war. As action gets maximized understanding gets minimized in the life of man. The day after I returned to my university from three years in the army I said to a group of graduate students: "The trouble with us veterans is that we know so much more than we understand." They showed an exposed nerve by breaking into applause, as graduates are not wont to do. After the war I was lunching with two majors on my staff in Italy and said to them in utter confidence, for they were both wise guys who, I thought, understood what we were about:—I said, "I don't mind confessing to you men that as your superior officer I never knew what it was all about!" They replied in unison, as if rehearsed: "Did *anybody?*" I want now to read the war books to see what it was all about.

Nor is incomprehension confined to war. Peace has its own vast unirrigated tracts. I've got a lifetime worth of wonder, for instance, as to my own participation in American politics. And politics and war apart there are vague motivations to be talked over with friends, and quarrels to be cleared up, and complexes to be irradiated with clearer light of fuller understanding. No doubt, "it is well," as Justice Holmes says, "that some of us don't know that we know anything." But it is better that more of us know what we do not know. And it is best of all that all of us come to know what we do know, as well as do not know. This same Holmes, eighty years old, "blushed," as he put it, to admit that he had never read John

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. "Hamlet." 2. "Antony and Cleopatra." 3. "The Comedy of Errors." 4. "Twelfth Night." 5. "Othello." 6. "Much Ado About Nothing." 7. "Two Gentlemen of Verona." 8. "Love's Labour's Lost." 9. "The Taming of the Shrew." 10. "The Winter's Tale." 11. "Troilus and Cressida." 12. "Romeo and Juliet." 13. "Measure for Measuse." 14. "The Tempest."

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Locke's "Treatise on Government," and then proceeded to read for the first time Aristotle's "Ethics." "I was amazed," he adds, "to see how much later thinking and even English law had been affected by him—or rather had found their seed in him."

There are indeed books to be read, old books as well as new, and there are experiences to be thrashed out to distil what meaning they have while there still is light to read by and intuitions to guide attention.

MY SEVENTH bead—a sacred number on which to end!—is a substitution for action in the fallow years at hand. Our previous acceptance of action as man's lot clearly answers to the prime prejudice of a race whose tribal images have always been traveling and fighting. But it is this parent-predisposition to action which has left age with decreasing claims to respectability. I make therefore as the seventh bead to beguile my retirement the "unguiltiness of inactivity."

I think that of all the goods to which we are privileged to retire the most precious one to me personally is this riddance of the animal, the irrational, impulse to act upon every possible occasion. "For God's sake do something!" That there is such an impulse is certain and no less certain is it that resistance to the impulse leaves a sediment of guilt. But it is a part of virtue to resist this pressure of primal conscience, as one resists other temptations. There is a heroism of omission no less profound, but much more difficult to exemplify, than the heroism that comes from the all too easy commitment to action.

I for one will welcome the right of old age to withstand all easy commitment. All my life I have been abashed at having to decide things in the name of reason for which there were no adequate reasons. I know there were not, because equally reasonable men are always deciding such things differently. And the more important the issues the more differently they get decided. I do not complain at what was necessary in the days of my prime—and this commitment to action is a necessary adjunct of our animal life—but I do rejoice those days are gone.

No longer will I have to claim that I know how to raise grandchildren when I didn't know how to raise the children that begot them. I can love the grandchildren and share know-how with them, without having to preach to their parents. No longer will I have to rationalize my party preference, when I never could tell the parties apart anyhow. I can now love my country as much as ever, and can be as stout as any partisan, without straining myself to give reasons which show the other partisan to be unreasonable. No longer will I have to stand up and be counted when I much prefer to sit down and think; or to think hard and consecutively when what I want to do is to enjoy the unassessable ramblings of reverie.

This new-found right need not belie what I have already said about doing good. I am not excused, nor wish to be, from doing good; but I am excused, by myself—and thank God for it!—from giving good reasons for my action when the real reasons are too recondite for mortal minds. Indeed, I myself incline to the view—but do not urge it upon you—that there are never adequate reasons for doing anything.

Wise as he was, Solomon admitted that there were several things he had not got the hang of. "There are three things which are too wonderful for me," to quote his own words, "Yea, four which I know not: the way of an eagle in the air; the way of a serpent upon a rock; the way of a ship in the midst of the sea; and the way of a man with a maid." That's a pretty fancy list: but it's not my list. No man can do another's wondering for him. My list is long, but includes these: I wonder at divorced men who rush to get married to a "problemette" not only the same kind but often worse than the first. That's a deep one. I wonder at the woman who takes all kinds of abuse from a man while he is living only to praise him to the skies as a model husband once he is dead. That will stand some thought, befringed with wonder. I wonder why everybody calls me by my given name, even down to strangers, when I have called few men and fewer women by given names, and then uneasily. Something's hidden in these premises. And wondrous beyond words are men who have known America, lived on her abundance, and shared her liberty but who in the name of idealism will sell her secrets or desert her way of life.

Now with this open substitution of wonder for reason and so of contemplation for perpetration, my rosary of retirement is complete; and I leave you to what, I hope, are your own fairer fancies.

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1170

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By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Splicing chamber, usually underground at street corners (2 wds.).	55 189 171 128 107 118 1 21 33 185
B. Free from pain or trouble; in military meaning, free from special constraint (2 wds.).	72 78 159 4 18 65
C. The part of a bridge used by vehicles.	91 115 59 105 39 88 173
D. Variety of table game involving 15 red balls, one of which must be pocketed before any score may be counted (2 wds.).	84 104 68 132 64 170 8 57 90 127 157
E. Chemical constituting 50% or more of the brownish-white scales from gallnuts.	98 124 52 160 9 145
F. Irishman called "founder of Roman Catholic Church in Australia" (1786-1842).	16 73 102 129 177 133 176
G. A dwarf male in certain green algae.	22 112 178 175 63 40 92 134 69
H. Cursed (2 wds.).	190 144 174 2 101 34 47
I. Various kinds of fancy top finish on trimmings (needlework).	87 81 151 61 100 94 28 54
J. Resolving into constituent parts.	19 14 146 50 97 108 113 86
K. Followed by "office," to be a candidate (2 wds.).	147 85 152 6 38 141
L. Important domestic machine which uses suction (2 wds.).	25 109 15 158 191 82 42 29 49 135 20 58 184

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
M. Oscar Wilde's name for Keats in his poem on the sale of Keats's love letters.	183 114 5 179 187 77 148 120
N. Satisfied a need.	79 165 116 169 26 110 162 153
O. Pulled forcibly, often raggedly, away from the main part (2 wds.).	62 3 43 136 181 126 67
P. Objective movement of "the wolf" in the famous simile about the embattled Assyrian (3 wds.).	137 89 74 99 119 156 44 167 37
Q. Telling the course of events; a story.	125 41 96 71 51 138 154 7 31
R. Bordering region of an important Northumberland river flowing into the North Sea.	121 163 27 188 45 168 76 140
S. Bit of certain straw or chaff which may cling to the clothes.	48 95 106 46 75 80 142
T. Member of ancient sect of physicians who based their knowledge on experience alone.	172 23 180 30 192 17 161
U. U.S. Sec'y of the Navy, 1933-9.	122 182 56 155 83 130 10
V. Palindromic lady, mother of Samuel in the Bible.	111 13 60 66 149 139
W. First commissioner of U.S. Treasury, 1785-9.	24 11 70 164 186 36
X. Either of two popular ballroom dances of 19th cent., one in waltz time, the other like a polka.	166 193 150 143 131 103
Y. Psychology's term for vivid.	117 93 53 32 12 35 123

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning. . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line. . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.

1 A		2 H	3 O	4 B	5 M		6 K	7 Q	8 D		9 E	10 U	11 W	12 Y	13 V	14 J
15 L	16 F		17 T	18 B		19 J	20 L		21 A	22 G	23 T	24 W	25 L	26 N	27 R	28 I
	29 L	30 T	31 Q	32 Y		33 A	34 H	35 Y	36 W		37 P	38 K	39 C	40 G		41 Q
42 L	43 O	44 P	45 R	46 S		47 H	48 S	49 L		50 J	51 Q	52 E	53 Y	54 I	55 A	56 U
57 D	58 L		59 C	60 V	61 I		62 O	63 G	64 D	65 B	66 V		67 O	68 D	69 G	
70 W	71 Q	72 B	73 F	74 P	75 S	76 R		77 M	78 B		79 N	80 S	81 I	82 L	83 U	
84 D	85 K	86 J	87 I		88 C	89 P		90 D	91 C	92 G	93 Y	94 I	95 S	96 Q	97 J	
98 E	99 P	100 I	101 H	102 F		103 X	104 D	105 C		106 S	107 A	108 J		109 L		110 N
111 V	112 G	113 J	114 M		115 C	116 N		117 Y	118 A	119 P	120 M	121 R	122 U		123 Y	124 E
125 Q		126 C	127 D	128 A	129 F	130 U	131 X		132 D	133 F	134 G		135 L	136 O	137 P	138 Q
139 V	140 R	141 K		142 S	143 X	144 H	145 E		146 J		147 K	148 M	149 V	150 X		151 I
152 K	153 N		154 Q	155 U	156 P	157 D	158 L	159 B	160 E	161 T	162 N		163 R	164 W	165 N	166 X
	167 P	168 R	169 N	170 D		171 A	172 T	173 C	174 H	175 G	176 F		177 F	178 G	179 M	
180 T	181 O	182 U	183 M	184 L		185 A	186 W		187 M	188 R	189 A	190 H	191 L	192 T	193 X	

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 29 of this issue.

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"Oh, che gioia, che piacere . . ." as they sing in the opera.
Reminder: Angel's 1st Piccola Scala opera was Pergolesi's "La Serva Padrona" with Carteri, Rossi-Lemeni (35279/L).

VERDI: LA TRAVIATA (LA SCALA)

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Pianist: Vladimir Yampolsky

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The Marriage Ceremony *(The Seven Wedding Blessings).*
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*Kaçmann is the well-known young cantor of the Union Libérale Israélite of Paris and soloist on the weekly religious Jewish program of Radio-Télévision-Française.

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SR/ RECORDINGS SECTION
AUGUST 25, 1956

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"BORIS" IS AS BORIS DOES

The celebrated Bulgarian basso Boris Christoff.
—*Walter Bird.*

By VICTOR SEROFF

A RECENT visit to Paris offered more than the opportunity to revisit that beautiful city of many memories, friends, and associations. It also provided the occasion for a meeting with Boris Christoff, the nearly legendary basso who was to have made his American debut in the performance of "Don Carlo" which opened Rudolf Bing's Metropolitan Opera regime, was detained by visa difficulties, and will, finally, make that debut next month during San Francisco's opera season.

What will he sing? As the RCA Victor version of "Boris Godunoff" with Christoff has been widely acclaimed one of the greatest of operatic recordings the choice dictated itself. He will not sing both Boris and Pimen, as he does on the recording, but it is doubtful that his audience will consider that a deprivation. Needless to say, Christoff is aware of the comparisons that have been made with the great Feodor Chaliapin. To achieve recognition in Paris was of the utmost importance to him, he confessed to me, for there Chaliapin reigned supreme.

However, the comparisons are not much to Christoff's taste, for he wants to stand on his own. I was surprised during our meeting to find him speaking Russian. He speaks it fluently, if with a Bulgarian accent that is far from the perfection of his well-studied Boris. Christoff is a tall man. His eyes are gray, his black hair is trim and not "artistically" long; he is broad-shouldered and dresses conservatively. In fact he does not in the least look like a musician or an actor. As he walked about the room he never gave the impression that he might, momentarily, take a bow.

"An actor or a singer should show his personality on the stage, but among people . . . he is just another man." Christoff casually expressed this opinion as we were discussing artists in general. He has simple manners; and though he is not shy he remains modestly reluctant to talk about himself. "Franca"—he turned to his Italian wife—"you tell the story." Mrs. Christoff supplied the biographical data, while Boris remained on hand for the details.

HE WAS born in Sofia in 1919, of a middle-class family. His father, Cyril, was a professor of the Bulgarian language at the local high school. He is retired now and lives on his pension. Boris's mother is of Russian origin (Raina Feodorovna Ivanoff was born in Odessa) and this accounts for Boris's knowledge of the Russian language. Christoff senior had a tenor voice and sang as most amateurs do, but no one in the family thought of a musician's career for Boris. After he was graduated from the University in Sofia, where he studied law, Boris became a judge. "Oh, I did sing here and there—I've done so ever since I was a little boy," Christoff said. "I sang in the high-school chorus and later became a soloist with the Gusly chorus, a well-known group in Bulgaria directed by Assen Dmitrov, the conductor of the Sofia Opera—but I did not study singing."

Boris was twenty-four years old when, on January 19, 1942, he sang

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with this chorus at the Alexander Nevsky Cathedral in Sofia. Both the King and the Queen of Bulgaria were present at the mass, and later that day the chorus was called to perform at the Palace. Boris sang a few solo pieces, which impressed the royal audience. "What are you going to sing at your next concert?" the King asked him. "I do not give concerts," Boris replied; "I am not a professional singer. I am a judge." The King was amazed. "Would you not rather sing?" he asked. "As an artist you would serve your country very well." Boris explained that he had not the means to study singing even if he wanted to. It had been hard enough to establish himself in the legal profession, which he had been practising for a year and a half.

Boris's parents greeted his success at the Palace with little enthusiasm. After all the sacrifices they had made to provide an education it seemed to them like sheer folly suddenly to give up a secure position for a precarious existence as an artist. But when the King offered him a scholarship his fate was sealed. "Everything happened very fast after that," Christoff told me. "About a week later I was on my way to Rome." The Bulgarians believe that voice should be studied in Italy.

There he became the pupil of Riccardo Stracciari. "I remained with him for a year and a half." Christoff paused. "And then?" I prompted. "And then?" Christoff repeated my question and with lifted eyebrows regarded me as if I had dropped from the moon. "And then . . . the war interfered," he reminded me. The Allies were landing

—*Erio Piccagliani.*

As Mephistopheles in "Faust" . . .

in Sicily, and Christoff was advised to move northward. He went to Austria, to the Mozarteum in Salzburg. He studied there under Professor Moratti, also an Italian. From the way he dismissed all the details concerning his work at the Mozarteum I gathered he considered it of no great importance except perhaps for Anna Bahr-Mildenburg's class in dramatic acting.

But the situation in Germany and Austria was growing steadily worse, and in 1944, according to Christoff, Bulgaria was in open revolt against the Nazis, which put Christoff in a difficult position. The Germans promptly organized a Bulgarian Nazi regiment, and when Christoff refused to enlist he was thrown into a labor camp at Brederis, about one mile from Feldkirchen on the border of Austria and Switzerland. "I worked in the fields with the Russian children," Christoff said. Actually these "children" (boys and girls in their teens) were brought by the Germans out of Russia, and Christoff said that he saw enough horrors in that camp to make him hate the Germans for the rest of his life. "You know, I used to admire the Germans, but it is a strange thing —when they put on their military caps and boots they cease to be human."

A narrow mountain river separated the labor camp from Switzerland and safety, and while some Russians managed to escape a great many perished. Christoff's life was in constant danger, for since he was the only educated man among the prisoners he was accused of everything that happened in the camp. "Didn't you try to escape?" I asked. "No," Christoff explained. "I often thought of it, but I didn't dare. To swim across wouldn't have been difficult, but I was afraid of either failing and being recaptured or injuring my voice." He said he never stopped working. In Feldkirchen there was an Austrian who played the piano, and with him Christoff sang Schubert and Schumann songs in an effort to continue voice studies.

Then came the Day of Liberation. "We were liberated by the French, and I shall always remember how my Austrian musician-friend came shouting to me: 'Christoff, Christoff, you must come and sing for the Colonel'." Christoff narrowed his eyes and lowered his voice to a whisper. "You know," he said softly, "I would give anything to find that man. He was my savior. For years since the war I have been trying everything in my power, through friends, the War Department, the police . . . but all my efforts have been fruitless. Of course it is my fault. If I ever knew his name I have forgotten it along with all the horrors of war, and all I can remember is that

. . . Philip II in "Don Carlo" . . .

he was tall, handsome, well educated, and a music lover. But . . . that is not enough. . . ."

"What can I do for you?" the unknown Colonel asked Christoff after he heard him sing. "I want to go back to my old teacher in Rome," Christoff answered. The French officer personally took him to the Italian border and put him on a train to Rome. When Stracciari saw him he could not believe his eyes. The teacher, like Christoff's parents, thought he was dead. Christoff told him that he wanted to continue his studies with him but had no money to pay for lessons. "You shall repay me sufficiently later on," the old man said. "Let's not waste time—let's get to work."

STRACCIARI was the only teacher Christoff ever had, and they worked together until the older man died two years ago. "In those days after the war it was hard for me to work. I was hungry all the time. You see, I came to Rome without a penny. I was given a card for the poor by the Vatican, which entitled me to a bowl of soup once a day. Often before I went to bed I drank a lot of water to fill the hollow. I was afraid this meager diet would ruin my voice."

On December 30, 1945 Christoff made his debut at Santa Cecilia. He sang "Wotan's Farewell" from "Die Walküre"; and three months later, on March 13, 1946, he made his first appearance in an opera in Rome, singing in "La Bohème." And how was he received by the public and the critics? "Oh . . .," Christoff smiled, "some of them said Christoffs come and Christoffs go, and there were

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some who predicted a great career for me."

Christoff has a large repertory—among other things Gounod's "Faust," Boïto's "Mefistofele," Verdi's "Ernani," "Simon Boccanegra" and "Don Carlos"—but it was his performance of "Boris Godunoff" that made everyone take notice of his truly remarkable gifts. He told me that Mussorgsky is not only his favorite composer but a sort of mentor as well. He learned a great deal from studying the scores of his operas and his songs. When it comes to a discussion of the two versions of "Boris," the original and Rimsky-Korsakoff's, Christoff has made his choice: he prefers the latter—and for the obvious reason that it has more grandeur, he says, and the orchestration is fuller.

Christoff is not a permanent member of any one opera company. He sings in Rome, at La Scala in Milan, in Paris, and goes to Brazil and Argentina on tours; but his home is in Rome. Six years ago he married the daughter of Raffaello de Rensis, the well-known musicologist and director of the National Institute of History of Italian Music. The Christoffs have no children, and Mrs. Christoff accompanies her husband on his tours. When the conversation turns to a purely musical topic she lets her husband do the talking—answering questions or expressing an opinion—although she is a musician herself. "She is a violinist, but she plays only at home," Christoff said, smiling at her.

In 1949 both Rudolf Bing of the Metropolitan and Sol Hurok, the well-known manager, heard Christoff sing and then asked him to come to the United States. Hurok had organized what Christoff called a "grandiose" tour, opening the season at the Met with "Don Carlos," following it up with other performances, including "Boris Godunoff," a series of recitals and guest appearances with prominent orchestras including Toscanini as the *pièce de resistance*. The Christoffs were very excited with the prospect, and everything was sacrificed in order for them to be ready for their departure on the *Queen Mary* at the end of September. Christoff canceled all of his engagements in Europe and refused to accept any new ones. "We were all packed and ready to go, but we were still waiting for the United States visa. . . . Have you seen Menotti's 'Consul'?" Mrs. Christoff looked at me, with her soft Italian eyes reflecting remembered pain and sarcasm. "That is how I used to go to the Consulate in Rome day after day, week after week. Always waiting for hours—only to be told, 'Not yet, perhaps tomorrow.' Then I lost my patience. We were going to lose our passage on the ship and I asked the consuless to tell me one way or the other. I told her that my husband had rearranged his whole schedule to make this trip . . . we just couldn't be kept in this state of uncertainty any longer." "You are wasting your time," the consuless belatedly told her. "Your husband will never be allowed to enter the United States." "But why?" Mrs. Christoff cried. She was told that she did not need to be given any explanation. Heartbroken, she returned home. When Boris came back to Rome a few days later he stormed into the Consulate and asked why his visa had not been granted. He was told that in the consuless's opinion he was undesirable, that he had been close with the Russians.

When Christoff reached this dramatic point in his story his eyes were ablaze and he roared like Boris Godunoff—nay, like Ivan the Terrible. "I, I am close to the Russians? Let me tell you, Madame, that I don't give a damn for your opinion or the Russian opinion. You can keep your visa. And no one tells me what I am supposed to say or think."

"Why, Mr. Christoff, you speak just like an American—no one is supposed to tell us what to say and think," I said, hoping to calm him. "I assure you that everyone regrets this unfortunate incident, this misunderstanding." And, as we sometimes do when we are too anxious to smooth over a matter, instead of dropping the subject I added, "Frankly, I thought myself that you had sung in Moscow." "I? . . . in Moscow?" Christoff turned his gaze full on me. "Why, I have never been there in my life." Then, as he calmed down he added in his deep resonant voice: "I would love to sing in Moscow—as I would anywhere where people appreciate art. I don't care what their political views are. I am an artist. I am a free man."

From our conversation I gathered that Christoff has been paying a high price for being a free man. He has not seen his parents; he deeply feels the loss of his elder brother Nikolay, who died two years ago in Sofia and whom he was unable to see; and for years he has had to bear the humiliating stigma of being a man without a country. But soon he is going to become an Italian citizen. He loves Italy, and in his home in Rome he keeps his collections of stamps, rare books, and manuscripts, always happy to return to them after his travels.

He has been granted his United States visa at last, and while he is in San Francisco this year the Californians can offer him another treat—Christoff loves horses.

—*A. Villani.*

. . . and Dositheu in "Khovantchina."

Christoff on LP

Gounod: "Faust," Christoff as Mephistophelès, with Victoria de los Angeles, Nicolai Gedda, and André Cluytens conducting. RCA Victor LM 6400, $15.98 (3 discs).

Moussorgsky: "Boris," with Christoff as Boris, Varlaám and Brother Pimén, Nicolai Gedda, Kim Borg (Schelkálov and Rangóni), Eugenia Zareska and Lydia Romanova, with Issay Dobrowen conducting the Orchestre National de la Radiodiffusion Française and the Choeurs Russes de Paris. L HMV 6400, $19.88 (4 discs).

Rimsky-Korsakoff: Prince Youri's aria from "The Legend of the Invisible City of Kitezh, Moussorgsky; Dositheu's aria from "Khovantchina," Tchaikovsky: Prince Gremin's Aria from "Eugen Onégin," and various songs. Christoff, with the Philharmonia Orchestra conducted by Issay Dobrowen and Wilhelm Schuechter, and Gerald Moore, piano. L HMV 1033, $4.98.

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Beecham on "Bohème"

By IRVING KOLODIN

SIR THOMAS BEECHAM is not a man who is known for the conformity of his ideas, but an opinion he expressed to me recently had a tinge of the heretical, even for him. It was simply: "In my estimation Puccini wrote two of the best operas we have: 'Bohème,' of course, and 'Butterfly'." Most of us are accustomed to thinking of Puccini approvingly, but in lesser terms than "best." Was it perhaps because he had just been recording a complete "Bohème" for RCA Victor and had a warm feeling for it, therefore?

"I have done this work over 300 times," he replied "and I thought a few years ago I had had my last go at it. But I was tempted again by the opportunity to do it here in the United States, where I had never done any recorded opera before. What I have done," he went on, "reflects Puccini's desires about this score as of 1920. That was what, twenty-five years after its première? 'Ninety-six, wasn't it? In the intervening time Puccini had heard 'Bohème' literally innumerable times. He had a positive mania for going about and hearing his own operas, whether they were played in a town twenty miles away or in my country 1,000 miles off. People like Massenet or Saint-Saens would write a piece and it would be performed, and that would be the last of their interest in it. They would go on, and write another one. But not Puccini."

However, it was something other than a production of "Bohème" in London that brought Puccini there in 1920. "We were doing the first performance of the 'Trittico' ["Gianni Schicchi," "Suor Angelica," and "Il Tabarro"] in Covent Garden, and Puccini came over to (so he thought) 'supervise' the productions." (Sir Thomas didn't elaborate on the results in our conversation, but he has recorded in his autobiography, "A Mingled Chime," that the composer's insistence on a certain scenic arrangement in "Suor Angelica" was all wrong for Covent Garden, and a factor in the non-success of the offering.) "It was then I had the chance to go over the score of 'Bohème' with him in very close detail. I was particularly well-acquainted with it because of my touring English Opera Company, and Puccini was all the go in those days."

"For an instance," he went on, "there are many places in which the performing directions are simply not explicit enough. You have a crescendo at a certain bar, and nothing after it to indicate where the decrescendo occurs. You have dynamic markings in one part of an ensemble, but not in another. In almost every instance Puccini confirmed my impressions, gathered through many performances of 'Bohème' that something was lacking in this respect, or incomplete. So what I have undertaken to do in this recording represents the composer's views of his earlier work at a much later time of life."

Pressed to expand on his high evaluation of Puccini as a composer for the theatre, Beecham said: "You cannot compare him with Mozart or Donizetti or Rossini or the early Verdi because the problems of writing were very much different. They had a marvelous device known as recitative secco. In other words, when the action bogged down or the librettist was in a quandary what to do next, he would simply stop, have the character speak some lines that developed the story, and then the composer would write an aria. If the quality of the inspiration was great, as in Mozart, the incidental lapses were unimportant. But when the scheme of writing a consecutive stream of music was introduced, and the composer had the problem of making a cohesive sequence of it all, the problem became very much greater.

"IT IS for this reason that I rate Puccini so highly. He achieved a synthesis of word, action, and music that is not only easy to assimilate but, in the end, very satisfying. He must," said Beecham parenthetically, "have given his librettists the very devil's own time of it. I had some considerable conversations with my old friend Illica [collaborator with Puccini not only on "Bohème," but also on "Butterfly," "Tosca," and the preceding "Manon Lescaut"] back in the early days of this century when I fancied myself an opera composer. He did a three-act libretto on Christopher Marlowe for me, and he spoke at great length on the problems of working with Puccini. A rather reticent man who knew what he wanted and was difficult to please. Didn't get along well with many people, Puccini. For example, Illica told me that the whole idea for the ending of 'Manon Lescaut' was Puccini's. He had already written the music for it, and was determined that he was going to use it, though nothing very much

(*Continued on page* 45)

Puccini pre-"Bohème" (1895)

—*Photos from Culver.*

Puccini (right) at time of "La Fanciulla del West" (1912). With him are Bert Levy (left), famous newspaper artist, publisher Tito Ricordi, and Puccini's son.

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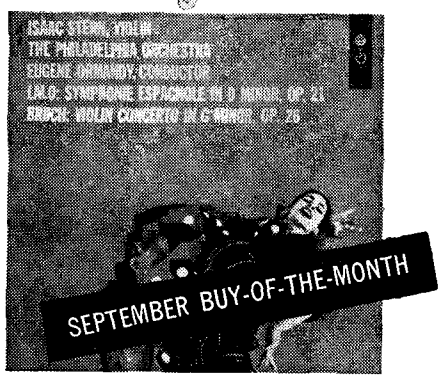

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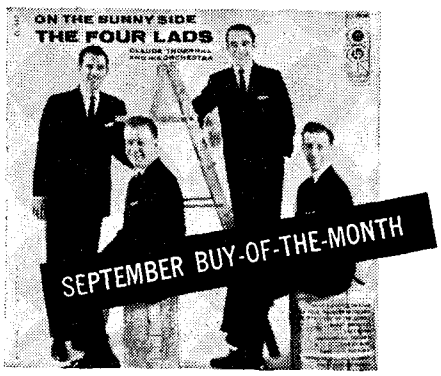

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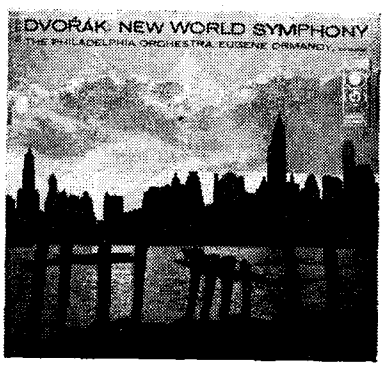

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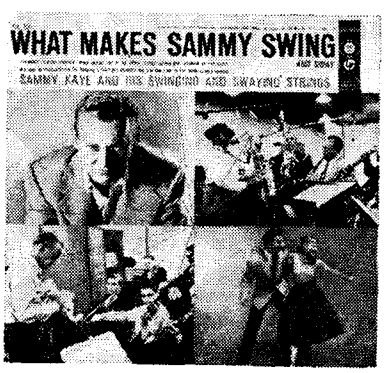

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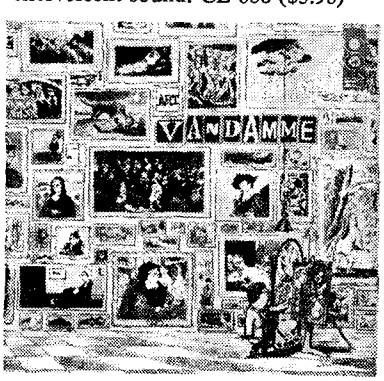

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Recordings in Review

Bjoerling in Carnegie

BEETHOVEN: *"Adelaïde," and sixteen other songs and arias. Jussi Bjoerling, tenor, with Frederick Schauwecker, piano.* RCA Victor LM 2003, $3.98.

THE APPEARANCE of this cross-section of a recital given by Bjoerling in Carnegie Hall last September 24 (in succession to a similar disc by Gigli, the two-disc Horowitz recital, not to mention the extensive Toscanini broadcast repertory) raises a point that wary music critics will not ignore. Formerly one could write what seemed like a valid if wrong-headed account of a given event secure in the knowledge that it was gone, irretrievable and hence uncontradictable. The least record companies can do in the future when they plan such potentially damaging maneuvers is to have the red "on"-light visible in the hall, to serve its traditional traffic function of warning all concerned that dangers impended.

To be sure, the values in this reproduction of the best singing Bjoerling did on that memorable evening are quite plainly what they were as it was happening: he was in superb voice, the audience had a wonderful time, and he sang some things better than others. It is well to have the veritable evidence of how well he sang Strauss's "Traum durch die Dammerung" and "Caecilie," the "Reve" from "Manon" (a truly breathtaking performance), "E lucevan le stelle" from "Tosca," and the "Air de fleur" from "Carmen," also a reminder that successful performances of "Il mio tesoro" are not compounded of voice alone. The Schubert group ("Fruehlingsglaube," "Die Forelle," "Die böse Farbe," and "Staendchen") is a little bland for my taste, the effort in "Amor ti vieta" (from Giordano's "Fedora") a little too apparent.

Which, of course, brings up another point. Was that effort in my seat in row Y as palpable as it was to the microphone hanging in the hall? The so-called "glottis stroke" needed to project the climaxing tone into Carnegie Hall was part of the mechanics in the surroundings—but, like the pedaling of the piano or the scrape of resined bow on violin strings—not necessarily a part of the listener's experience. If such procedures are to be a regular part of the record-buyers' future closer thought should be given to the disadvantages as well as the advantages of "in person" performances. The concluding "Jeannie With the Light Brown Hair" may be taken as an example of just the right focus and "shutter speed" for the beautifully exposed subject matter. Schauwecker's work is consistently good.

What Makes a Trio?

DVORAK: *Trio in E minor, opus 65.* HAYDN: *Trio in C major. David Oistrakh, violin, Lev Oborin, piano, and Sviatoslav Knushevitzky, cello.* Westminster XWN 18175, $3.98.

DVORAK: *Trio in E minor, opus 90 ("Dumky").* SMETANA: *Trio in G minor, opus 15.* The same. Westminster XWN 18175, $3.98.

RAVEL: *Trio in A minor.* CHOPIN: *Trio in G minor.* The same. Westminster XWN 18174, $3.98.

TCHAIKOVSKY: *Trio in A minor, opus 50. Emil Gilels, piano, M. Rostropovich, 'cello, and L. Kogan, violin.* BEETHOVEN: *Thirty-two Variations in C minor. Gilels, piano.* Heritage SS 1203, $4.98.

TO JUDGE from the prominence of David Oistrakh's name on the three trio records noted above the first ingredient of a first class trio is a world-famous violinist. On the other hand, where the purveyors of the Gilels record are concerned it is the name of the pianist that comes first in the blackest type. To their credit, equal size of type if subordinate position is accorded to his associates who are in the instance of Oistrakh a kind of typographical *basso ostinato.*

Fortunately, the Russian-made recordings do not partake of the imbalance suggested by the American merchandising methods. If Oistrakh's sound is a dominant one that is not necessarily because he is being humored as a great virtuoso, but rather because he is a much stronger musical personality than the men with whom he is associated. In either the "Dumky" trio of Dvorak or the G minor of Smetana (this coupling strikes me as the preferable one of the three) any dramatic climax finds the ear magnetized by the violinist because he feels the music more keenly and projects it more strongly. Otherwise the amenities of chamber-music performances are respected in reproductions that belong (mostly) to a past era of close-up, rather dead studio sound. This is most to the disadvantage of the Ravel, whose fidelity to the impulses of the players can hardly be gauged in the kind of sound offered. The best sounding performance, and also the most integrated one, is that of the E minor trio of Dvorak. The companion piece by Haydn is also well played, especially the finale in which pianist Lev Oborin develops some dazzling momentum.

Rather than being in anyway a virtuoso holiday, the playing of the Tchaikovsky trio shows three men of notable talent engaged in a wholly congenial task. At the outset there is a suggestion that Gilels may dominate his associates tempermentally, as Oistrakh does: but the heat of performance binds them in a fine mutuality. Kogan's suave sound blends beautifully with that of Rostropovitch, and Gilels shows that he can combine as well as compel. The pianist's playing of the Beethoven variations is impulsive, secure, and not very revealing of musical substance.

Echániz—"sensitive interpreter."

The Touch for Turina

TURINA: *"Danzas Fantasticas," "Danzas Gitanas," "Mujeres Espanolas." José Echániz, piano.* Westminster XWN 18185, $3.98.

AS DISTINCTIONS GO that of being the most sensitive interpreter of a minor if world-famous composer may not rate at the top, but there seems little doubt, in view of the evidence on this record, that Echániz is today's Turina player *par excellence.* The accomplishment of Alicia de Larrocha is considerable on Decca 9750, but Echániz sustains his moods better, builds them to a more impressive climax.

It is something of a feat to make the "Danzas Fantasticas" as listenable as he does, for the orchestral version of which Argenta makes so much on London LL 921 would seem to have diminished the returns possible in the solo piano version, no matter how well

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performed. However there is always the element of personality as well as instrumental means to be considered: and Echániz gives us so much of the flavor in these fanciful pieces that the experience is absorbing in itself without reference to other factors.

The associated works—Series 1 of the "Danzas Gitanas" opus 55 and the "Mujeres Españoles"—show two other aspects of Turina. The reproduction is distinguished by a full range of pianistic effects without harshness or lack of body.

Rosita Renard Reissued

BACH: *Partita in B flat.* MENDELSSOHN: *Variations Serieuses, etc. Rosita Renard, piano.* Society of Friends of Music, Bogota, Columbia. $5.75.

FOR THOSE NEWLY ARRIVED on the LP scene as well as for those who may welcome the reminder it is appropriate to note that the remarkable Carnegie Hall recital of Rosita Renard (January 1949) has been reissued in improved mechanical form. For those not acquainted with the facts it may be mentioned that Mme. Renard was a Chilean pianist who first appeared in New York as a young woman during World War I, was heard again in 1927, and had more or less retired from the concert stage when she was prevailed upon to play again in the Forties. After this Carnegie Hall recital, which won her a laudatory press and visions of a notable career, she became ill and died within a few months.

I have not had the occasion in some time to replay the records originally released about six years, but investigation confirms the vitality and musicianship of her Bach (B flat partita), the conviction of her Mendelssohn ("Variations Serieuses"), the imaginative variety of her Ravel ("Valses Nobles et Sentimentales"), the broad range of effects she brought to Chopin (Etudes 2, 3, 4, and 11 of Opus 10, 2, 3, 4, 5, 8, and 10 of Opus 25, Mazurkas in C sharp and F sharp minor), the distinction of her Mozart (A minor sonata and D major Rondo). There are many fine pianists in the world today, but nobody quite like Renard, for she was an individual and individuals are never duplicated.

Hence it is a privilege to report that the improved techniques of processing LP recordings have heightened the values in the original issue, removed sundry mechanical noises, and in general given us a clearer image of just how fine an artist Renard was. Or, since she still lives on these two discs, is. Devotees either of fine pianistic skill or interpretative art should consider this ample warning.

Loesser in Full

LOESSER: *"The Most Happy Fella." Robert Weede, Jo Sullivan, Art Lund, Susan Johnson, Shorty Long and Mona Paulee, with Herbert Greene conducting.* Columbia O3L 240, $14.98. *Excerpts from the same.* Columbia OL 5118, $4.98.

Weede—"strong performance"

BY INVESTING six LP sides in a complete recording of the book, words, and music of Frank Loesser's "The Most Happy Fella" and inviting the public to participate in the same Columbia has awarded it an accolade paralleled only by the full-length treatment of "Porgy and Bess" (by a studio cast) and the original-cast performance of Menotti ("The Medium" and "The Telephone," "The Consul," "The Saint of Bleecker Street," and "Amahl"). The juxtaposition of names thus induced tends to support the zealous propaganda that Loesser has written something not to be called an "opera" for fear of deterring business at the Broadway theatre in which "The Most Happy Fella" is running, but otherwise deserving of kindred esteem.

The evidence of the six sides as a running reprise of what was previously heard "live" makes it necessary to say, gently but firmly, that it is nothing of the kind. Comparisons with Gershwin or Menotti are hardly needed to stamp Loesser's effort as lacking the depth or breadth, the musical skill or intellectual concept commonly associated with "opera" as a terminology. Comparisons with Sidney Howard's original reveal all too clearly that the Loesser version has prettified and simplified the story to such an extent that its dramatic values are seriously rearranged. (Where, for example, is Father McKee, the Catholic priest whose point of view was a strong factor for Howard? And where is the original toughness of Amy, so well portrayed by Pauline Lord?) Perhaps the most revealing fact is that the title itself is an *inversion* of a line Howard's Tony speaks at one point declaring himself to be the "most *unhappy* fella in the world."

Perhaps it comes within the prerogatives of libretto liberty to make such changes. "Carmen" as set by Bizet is a long distance from the realism of Merrimée's novelle. But it has its own musical integrity. Loesser's gift for inventing mood-defining tunes is considerable, but the ways in which they are developed and juxtaposed is labored and without the necessary musical resources. As for such items as "Big D" and "I Made a Fist" they are highly suitable musical-show "specialties," but as extraneous to the style otherwise purveyed as the secondary romance of Cleo and Herman is to Howard's original.

LOESSER'S aspiration to do something "different" on the Broadway stage and his success in such wise with "Guys and Dolls" entitles him to our thanks and continuing interest. However, to suggest that something is a "kind of opera" and to leave us as uncomfortably situated as "The Most Happy Fella" does is to put the terminological cart before the esthetic horse. Much better to do the original thing first and then find a name for it later.

What remains admirable is the strong performance of Weede, who projects magnificently on records and deserves, really, more compelling music than "My Heart Is So Full of You" and "Rosabella" to sing. Jo Sullivan is appealing in her effort, and Art Lund has a personal success with "Joey" which is the most Loesserish thing in the score. If there is lingering doubt of this recommendation on the two forms in which the material is offered the single disc gives us the best of it at most appropriate length. Big sound, a little dull in timbre. —IRVING KOLODIN.

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Recordings Reports I: Orchestral LPs

WORK, PERFORMER, DATA	REPORT
Bach: Brandenburg Concerti. Karl Munchinger conducting the Stuttgart Chamber Orchestra. London LL 1457-8. $7.96.	A reissue, in two-disc form, of what is probably the most satisfactory version, all around, of these works now available. The best sound level in the previous issue (one ten- and two twelve-inch discs) has been made uniform throughout the six works, at a welcome saving in cost. Unfortunately, this makes for an awkward, staggered sequence on the two records, but the twin advantages of price and quality are there for those who value them.
Blohmdahl: Chamber Concerto. Donovan: "Soundings" for trumpet, bassoon and percussion. Verrall: Prelude and Allegro for strings. Carlos Surinach conducting. M-G-M E 3371. $3.98.	Each of these works has some substantial content, especially the longest of them, by Blohmdahl. It tends to the telegraphic in its economy of statement, but spells out a "message" nevertheless. Donovan's closely written score is also recommended, likewise the shorter Verrall piece. Surinach is in able command of all the musical problems, but the recording—like sundry others from M-G-M—suffers from inert studio acoustics.
Nystroem: "Songs at Sea," "Merchant of Venice." Tor Mann conducting the Stockholm Radio Orchestra, with Aulikki Rautawaara. Westminster WN 18147. $4.98.	Both works have, in their essentially conservative way, a considerable amount of ingenuity in the treatment of attractive musical ideas. The "Merchant of Venice" suite is a series of mood pictures rather than incidental music for Shakespeare's play, and it could well be offered to American audiences in the concert hall. Appreciation of the "Song at Sea" is somewhat hindered by lack of texts or even synopsis of the Swedish verses, but the quality of the musical thought is evident. Rautawaara's voice now has a wobble when under stress; the artistry remains superior, however. Good if not outstanding reproduction.
Ovsianko-Kulikovsky: Symphony No. 21 in G. E. Mavrinsky conducting the Leningrad Philharmonic. Vainberg: Serenade for Orchestra. A. Gauk conducting the State Radio Orchestra. Westminster WN 18191. $4.98.	Whether this is the "Classical Symphony" parodied in Prokofiev's famous work is not supported by mention of its recent rediscovery, but the finale suggests as much. It is by far the best movement, the others having a touch of banality hard to accept even from the early nineteenth-century Ovsianko-Kulikovsky. Vainberg's Serenade (1952) is an agreeably melodic piece which might have been written any place in Central Europe as well as by a composer of Polish nativity who has heard Suk, Shostakovitch, Prokofiev, and Khatchaturian to advantage. Both are well played, the finale of the symphony being done with particular dash. Fair enough recording, but with limited tonal range at the ends of the spectrum.
Poulenc: Concerto for Organ, Strings, and Tympani. Hanson: Concerto for Organ, Strings, and Harp. Richard Ellsasser, organ, with Hamburg Philharmonia Orchestra conducted by Arthur Winograd. M-G-M E 3361. $3.98.	Now nearly twenty years old, the Poulenc score of 1938 is clearly a work of his main stream which not only merits but commands rehearing. It is a work of reconciliation, not only between the organ (whose color gamut is used to supplement the strings where brass and woodwinds are lacking) but also in respect to the idiom—Bach, pre-Bach, and contemporary Poulenc. How successful Poulenc has been in this endeavor is still not clear after three hearings, but each one reveals some new aspects of a powerful and always musical conception. Winograd's direction is clear and illuminating, suggesting where his main musical sympathies lie at the present time. Ellsasser's contribution is also commendable. The Hanson, too, is a work of substance, though the emphasis is more on the virtuoso possibilities of the organ than on anything, so to speak, more organic. The balance of the unequal components has been well organized.
Rachmaninoff: Concerto No. 2 in C Minor. Clifford Curzon, piano, with the London Philharmonic conducted by Sir Adrian Boult. London LL 1424. $3.98.	Intelligently felt, strongly phrased, warmly expressed piano playing by Curzon, who has a highly sympathetic collaborator in Boult. A few details of the finale are slightly overstressed by Curzon in particular, but it is an instance of his artistic growth that he is more suited to the work than when he made his first postwar appearance in New York as soloist in it with the Philadelphia Orchestra. The recording is as good as any of this work, and better than most.
Saint-Saëns: Symphony in C Minor. Ernest Bour conducting the Orchestra of the Theatre Champs-Elyseés, with Maurice Duruflé, organist. London DTL 93072. $4.98.	Bour does a mostly admirable performance without quite achieving the expressive atmosphere of Munch in his singular effort with the New York Philharmonic-Symphony. The fi becomes a little enthusiastic in the last movement's cannonading of tympani and organ pipes, producing a sound somewhat boomy in the empty Salle Gaveau.
Schubert: Symphony No. 6 in C. Grieg: "In Autumn," Opus 11, "Old Norwegian Romance with Variations," Opus 51. Sir Thomas Beecham conducting the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra. Angel 35339. $4.98.	Not only in its choice of repertory but in its full-flavored, zestful performance this disc debut of Beecham on Angel is augury of a happy association (for a while, anyway). It is, of course, his second recording of the Schubert No. 6 ("Little" C Major) and one that conveys much more convincingly than its predecessor the reason for his enthusiasm. Or it may be that having become accustomed to the rather limited appeal of the first movement I am more receptive to the charm and melodic appeal of the succeeding section—especially the variations finale, something to rank with the last movement of the Dvorak No. 4. The two Grieg pieces are also strong in those qualities of "heart" appeal which seem, more than anything, to symbolize the conductor's musical affinities. The romance and variations, in particular, make a rounded work, tinged somewhat by the vocabulary of Wagner, but decidedly Grieg for all that. The Angel engineers have been particularly successful in conveying the fusion of Schubert with Beecham.
Strauss: "Pizzicato Polka" and fifteen other items. Franz Salmhofer and Eduard Strauss conducting the Vienna Symphony Orchestra. Epic LC 3246. $3.98.	It is hardly surprising that in addition to the "Pizzicato Polka" and "Perpetuum Mobile" the best music of the less familiar items is "Auf der Jagd," which has previously been recorded. The catalogue of Strauss has now been picked over so much that there is little of worth—apparently—that someone hasn't put on disc. Of genuine interest, however, is the "Gunstwerber" waltzes of Opus 4, which is noted as on the first program directed by Johann jr. (his father was then the Waltz King himself) in 1844. The other titles are "Indigomarsch," "Aus der Heimat," "Rasch in der Tat," "Spanischer Marsch," "Liebchen, Schwing Dich," "Es war Wunderschön" (all conducted by Salmhofer) and "Eljen a Magyer," "Lustiger Rat," "Electrophor," "Bonbon," and "Lagerlust" (directed by E. Strauss with fine lightness and zest). Spacious sound.
Tchaikovsky: Symphony No. 4 in F minor. Ataulfo Argenta conducting the Orchesra of the Swiss Romande. London LL 1275. $3.98.	There is no lack of energy in Argenta's projection of this work, especially the finale, which is given an all-out decibel count by the engineers. What is lacking—and it is a disturbing lack—is the kind of personal stamp Argenta put on such recording as Turina's "Danzas Fantasticas." This doesn't mean eccentricity, by any means—just a suggestion of more Tchaikovskian flavor.
Torelli: Concerto Grosso in A minor, Opus 8 No. 2; E Major, Opus 8 No. 3; in G minor, Opus 8 No. 9; and D Major, Opus 8 No. 12. I Musici and soloists. Epic LC 3217. $3.98.	Typically compact, well-organized effort by I Musici ("The Musicians"), who continue to fulfil the promise of their excellent personnel as time and experience expand their resources. As a predecessor of Vivaldi, Torelli contributed more than a little to the magnitude of that composer's accomplishment. However the interests here are much more than merely musicological, as the performers make apparent. Robert Michelucci is violin soloist in the D Major and joined by Anna Maria Cotogni, second violin, and Mario Centurione, cello, in the G minor. Excellent sound. —Irving Kolodin.

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Masters of Baroque

By HERBERT WEINSTOCK

LONDON, through the "Editions de L'Oiseau-Lyre," continues to make available interesting music of the Baroque well played and handsomely recorded. The twelve concertos of Giuseppe Torelli's Opus 8, for example, are superbly performed on OL 50089/90 ($9.96), the musicians being Louis Kaufman, violinist and conductor of the Oiseau-Lyre Orchestral Ensemble, Georges Alès, second violinist, Roger Albin, cellist, and Ruggero Gerlin, harpsichordist. Kaufman, evidently the moving spirit behind the recording, prepared the text from photographic copies of the original 1709 edition supplied by the Library of Congress. These concertos, six for two violins and six for solo violin, survive not only as pioneering works in establishing the long primacy of the violin as a solo instrument, but also as living music of great charm and substance. The anonymous explanatory and historical notes on the record sleeves are excellent.

To the next generation after Torelli (1658-1708) belongs a composer who seems, on the evidence available, to have been at once a more profound creator and a less subtle innovator: Tommaso Albinoni (1671-1750). The vast fame of Bach and Handel and more recently the perhaps somewhat exaggerated renown of Antonio Vivaldi have tended to keep Albinoni's name somewhere in the musicological background ("Venetian minor master . . ."). Two newly available recordings (London-Oiseau-Lyre OL 50041, $4.98, and Period SPL 723, $4.98) begin to suggest a composer of at least Vivaldian stature. The Oiseau-Lyre record presents four concertos for oboe and orchestra from Albinoni's Opus 7, with Pierre Pierlot as oboe soloist, and two five-part string concertos from his Opus 5, all played with apposite style by the Oiseau-Lyre Orchestral Ensemble as led by Louis de Froment. The Period recording is divided evenly between Albinoni and Vivaldi, the Albinoni side containing three ensemble concertos and a lone Adagio for strings and organ which speaks with nobility and grandeur not unworthy of Bach or Handel. Philippe Lamacque is the violin soloist, Denyse Gouarne plays both harpsichord and organ, and the nameless instrumental ensemble is conducted by Jean Witold. The Vivaldi side of this record, again with Witold conducting, presents the D minor Concerto, Opus VIII, No. 9, and the E minor Concerto, F VIII, No. 6. The oboe soloist is again Pierre Pierlot, the bassoonist Paul Hongue, the harpsichordist Robert Veyron-Lacroix. The Period recording seems somewhat muffled and dim if heard immediately after the exceedingly realistic clarity of the Oiseau-Lyre.

Still deeper into the eighteenth century, London-Oiseau-Lyre gives us Six Sonatas for Violin and Continuo by Jean-Marie Leclair the Elder (1697-1764). Georges Alès is the violinist, Isabelle Nef the excellent harpsichordist. The six sonatas, all from books published between 1723 and 1738, vary enormously in length, manner, and interest. Some strike me as mere exercises in compositional means; others have movements of great originality and beauty. Throughout playing and recording are of the highest caliber (London-Oiseau-Lyre OL 50087/8, $9.96).

FRIEDRICH

GULDA

The talk of music lovers from Bach to Be-Bop

FOUR NEW ISSUES:

Mozart:
Piano Concerto No. 25 in C Major (K. 503)
Piano Concerto No. 26 in D Major "Coronation" (K. 537)
with The New Symphony Orchestra of London. Conductor: Anthony Collins. LL-1370 $3.98

Schumann: **Fantasiestucke (Opus 12)**
Schumann: **Waldscenen (Opus 82)** LL-1371 $3.98

Beethoven:
Piano Sonata No. 4 in E Flat Major (Opus 7)
Piano Sonata No. 5 in C Minor. (Opus 10 No. 1) LL-1372 $3.98

Beethoven:
Piano Sonata No. 6 in F Major (Opus 10, No. 2)
Piano Sonata No. 7 in D Major (Opus 10, No. 3) LL-1374 $3.98

OTHER GULDA RECORDINGS:

Beethoven:
Piano Sonata No. 26 in E Flat Major (Opus 81a)
Variations and Fugue in E Flat Major (Opus 35) LL-322 $3.98

Beethoven:
Piano Concerto No. 1 in C Major (Opus 15)
with The Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra. Conductor: Karl Böhm LL-421 $3.98

Beethoven:
Piano Sonata No. 29 in B Flat Major (Opus 106) LL-422 $3.98

Ravel: **Gaspard de la Nuit**
Debussy: **Suite Bergamasque** LL-754 $3.98

Chopin: **Twenty-four Preludes (Opus 28)** LL-755 $3.98

Bach: **Prelude and Fugue No. 32 in D Sharp Minor**
Bach: **English Suite No. 3 in G Minor**
Mozart: **Piano Sonata No. 8 in A Minor (K. 310)**
Mozart: **Rondo in D Major (K. 485)** LL-756 $3.98

Beethoven: **Piano Sonata No. 1 in F Major (Opus 2, No. 1)**
Beethoven: **Piano Sonata No. 2 in A Major (Opus 2, No. 2)** LL-996 $3.98

Beethoven:
Piano Sonata No. 3 in C Major (Opus 2, No. 3)
Piano Sonata No. 19 in G Minor (Opus 49, No. 1)
Piano Sonata No. 20 in G Major (Opus 49, No, 2) LL-999 $3.98

Chopin:
Piano Concerto No. 1 in E Minor (Opus 11)
with The London Philharmonic Orchestra. Conductor: Sir Adrian Boult. LL-1004 $3.98

Beethoven:
Violin and Piano Concerto No. 7 in C Minor (Opus 30, No. 2)
Violin and Piano Sonata No. 10 in G Major (Opus 96)
with Ruggiero Ricci (violin) LL-1004 $3.98

Mozart: **Piano Concerto No. 14 in E Flat Major (K. 449)**
R. Strauss: **Burlesca**
with The London Symphony Orchestra. Conductor: Anthony Collins. LL-1158 $3.98

Debussy: **Preludes—Books 1 and 2** LL-1289/90 $7.96

Chopin: **Four Ballades** LD-9177 $2.98

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Recordings Reports II: Miscellaneous LPs

WORK, PERFORMER, DATA	REPORT
Chausson: "Nanny," "Le Charme," and five other songs. Gerard Souzay, baritone, with Jacqueline Bonneau, piano. London LD 9202, $2.98.	Typically cultivated singing by Souzay, though the microphone placement tends to make sizable a voice which is rather notable for being otherwise. The vocal line is conveyed in a clean, unostentatious way, the words clearly pronounced if not always with full sense of their meanings. Included are "Sérénade italienne," "Le Colibri," "Cantique a l'épouse," "Les Papillons," and, of course, "Les Temps des Lilas." Bonneau's piano playing is helpful.
Chopin: F minor Ballade, B flat minor scherzo, etc. Witold Malcuzynski, piano. Angel 35171, $4.98.	Malcuzynski has impressive power and more than a little of that vague attribute called "temperament" in his playing of the bigger pieces in this miscellany. He is inclined to oddities of phrasing elsewhere, especially in the C sharp minor and A minor mazurkas and the D flat waltz. Also included are the F minor and C sharp nocturnes, and the A flat Impromptu. Good piano sound.
Debussy: "Images," "Estampes," "Children's Corner," etc. Hans Henkemans, piano. Epic LC 3245. $3.98.	This may not be the most idiomatic Debussy of the day, but along with Henkemans' Mozart (*SR* Aug. 11) it characterizes him as a musician of wide sympathies and an executant of much resourcefulness. Henkemans tends to articulate his Debussy more than most interpreters of that composer's works, but he has a lively sense of the fanciful as well, which lends balance and interest to his performances. Very good piano sound for the material involved.
Elgar: "Sea Pictures," "In the South" overture. George Weldon conducting the London Symphony Orchestra, with Gladys Ripley, mezzo-soprano. Capitol P 18017. $3.98.	Several of these little-known settings of sea poetry (by Roden Noel, Mrs. Elgar, Elizabeth Barrett Browning, Richard Garnett, and Adam Lindsay Gordon) with orchestra have a quality to arouse interest, but the late Miss Ripley was hardly in representative voice when these songs were made (she died last December). Weldon does his work impressively not only in the colorful backgrounds for the songs, but also in the lengthy (twenty-five-minute) overture. Superb sound throughout.
Liszt: "Funerailles," "Valse Impromptu," "Mephisto Waltz," "Liebestraume No. 3," "Hungarian Rhapsodies Nos. 10 and 12," and "Consolation No. 3." Artur Rubinstein, piano, RCA Victor LM 1905. $3.98.	It is hard to say which speaks more for Rubinstein's domination of his chosen instrument: the massive tonal production of "Funerailles" and the "Hungarian Rhapsodies" or the delicacy and definition of the "Valse Impromptu" and "Consolation." In any case both are here for the listener to enjoy, along with an in-between disposition of effects suitable for the "Mephisto Waltz" and "Liebestraume." As for the vitality and artistic insight with which they are dispensed Rubinstein has few rivals today. Some of the sound is a little brittle, but much of it is excellent.
Mozart: "Porgi amor," "Dove sono," and six other arias by Rossini, Refice, Catalani, Cilea, and Mascagni. Renata Tebaldi, soprano, with the Santa Cecilia Orchestra conducted by Alberto Erede. London LL 1354. $3.98.	At her best (and it is not in the Mozart material which heads the collection) Tebaldi is rich in voice and warm in emotion—that best being found here in the beautiful "Morte de Cecilia" from Refice's "Cecilia," also in "Ne mai dunque avro pace" from Catalani's "La Wally." However, she permits herself some surprising lapses of pitch in "Selva opaca" from Rossini's "William Tell" for a singer of her standing. The Mozart arias are sung with more dramatic breadth than is customary, also with a little vulgarization of the vocal line. "Poveri fiori" from Cilea's "Adriana Lecouvreur" is the final item. Erede's conducting is obliging. Uncommonly spacious, well-balanced reproduction.
Mussorgsky: "Songs and Dances of Death." Wolf: Songs. Heinz Rehfuss, baritone, with Hans Willi Haeusselein, piano. London LL 1318. $3.98.	A reissue, in newly coupled form, of Rehfuss's artistic delivery of the Mussorgsky songs (in French). The mood and manner of them are more suitable to his vocal gifts and dramatic inclinations than are the Wolf of the "Michelangelo" lieder, "Der Freund," "Der Musikant," "Verschwiegene Liebe," "Gesang Weylas," and "Storchenbotschaft." Rehfuss tends to become bogged down by the brooding content of this repertory without providing the strength of purpose to ennoble them. Excellent reproduction.
Rachmaninoff: "Polichinelle" and eight other works by various composers. Leonard Pennario, piano. Capitol P 8338, $3.98.	To his considerable facility—of which there has never been any doubt—Pennario has now added a degree of relaxation and flexibility in phrasing which contribute much pleasure in such works as his own arrangement of the Strauss "Emperor" waltz, the Liszt transcription of the Schubert "Serenade," Debussy's "Reverie," and "La Plus que Lente," the A flat waltz of Brahms, Schumann's "Traümerei," two brief works of Chopin, and the sixth Hungarian Rhapsody of Liszt. Sometimes the relaxation is very close to inertia, but this is a trend preferable to Pennario's previous preoccupation with speed for speed's sake. Fine reproduction.
Scarlatti: Sonatas in C (Longo No. 104), B minor (No. 449), G major (No. 487), E major (No. 23) and A major (No. 345). Medtner: Sonata in G minor (opus 22). Emil Gilels, piano. Westminster XWN 18180. $4.98.	*At first impact Gilels's way with Scarlatti (in the familiar C major) seems unsuitably brusque and* unsubtle, but as the impressions accumulate it seems clear that he has no acquaintance with a tradition of them as harpsichord works and is applying his array of pianistic resources in a free-hand way. The resulting draughtsmanship has little to do with the Kirkpatrick-Valenti order of things, but it is a remarkable craft he reveals. The Medtner has more relation to the kind of virtuosity provided by Gilels, whose affinity for its Lisztian elements is considerable. Fair (Russian) piano sound.
Smetana: "From My Homeland," eleven other short works by various composers. Nathan Milstein, violin, with Leon Pommers, piano. Capitol P 8339. $3.98.	Milstein's performance of the Smetana morceaux doesn't have quite the bitter-sweet quality of Kreisler's famous one of many years ago, but it is beautiful violin playing, as is every one of the dozen items on the disc. Of special quality are his versions of the "Melodie" from Gluck's "Orfeo" and the Wieniawski "Mazurka in D." Also heard are Kodaly's "Rains in the Villages," the Chopin C sharp minor waltz, a "Perpetuum Mobile" by Franz Ries, the larghetto from Nardini's D major sonata, the second "Hungarian Dance" of Brahms, Massenet's "Meditation," an excerpt from Stravinsky's "Mavra," the "Sicilienne" of Maria von Paradis, and—as a busy finale to a considerable bee of violin playing—Rimsky-Korsakoff's "Flight" from the bumble bee of the same name. Leon Pommers collaborates well. Top sound.
Verdi: "Ma se m'e forza perderti," etc. Mario del Monaco, tenor, with the New Symphony Orchestra of London conducted by Alberto Erede. London LL 1455. $3.98.	Any few of the generally interesting sequence of arias included on this disc would be rewarding listening, but the lack of vocal coloration (save in the obvious *mezzo voce* for "O Paradiso") make for monotony. Of special merit is the choice of material from "Le Cid," Zandonai's "Giulietta e Romeo," Giordano's "Fedora," and Verdi's "Ernani." Remarkable power and intensity distinguish del Monaco's singing at its best, the illusion of his presence impressively conveyed by the recording. —I. K.

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The Louisville Moderns

FOR my taste the most interesting of the older Germans (men over fifty) to come to our attention since the war is not Carl Orff but Boris Blacher. The Louisville Orchestra is to be credited for making his first recorded work available to us in its subscription series. "Study in Pianissimo" is perhaps the most distinguished of the Louisville commissions recorded to date (545-7). Webern is suggested at the outset when high and low notes, each on a different instrument, create a single line. But there is a pedal point, and equal duration instead of complicated rhythm, and later it becomes evident that many styles are integrated in a new way. Blacher's treatment is a bit schematic. But the conception is striking, and it is a delight to hear quiet playing at a time when volume is considered an end in itself and when instrumentalists, struggling with new patterns, so often betray insecurity by ponderous execution.

The reading of this difficult score under Robert Whitney's direction gives evidence of much improvement in the Louisville performances. The reproduction is also better since reverberation has been cut down. Some of the releases since last summer seem to have been prepared too early to benefit from the improvements. But, to judge from the surprising virtuosity, I should say that Persichetti's Symphony for Strings was not one of them. It stands up very well as a coupling with the Blacher. What it lacks in stylistic distinction it makes up in vital musicianship. Unison lines range boldly over wide-pitch areas, and exciting polyphony is remarkably controlled. Persichetti is headed in the direction of the ranks of our best American composers.

For its sensitivity and its subtle use of solo instruments within orchestral texture Dallapiccola's Variations should also be singled out (545-8). His Italian lyricism mollifies twelve-tone devices, and an easy point of reference is supplied by his treatment of the B-A-C-H motif, which so often turns up in tone-rows. He does not avoid the episodic continuity to which variations are prone, but he does avoid the monotony that renders his "Canti di Prigioni" (a much earlier work) a bit tiresome (Angel 35228, sponsored by UNESCO). The post-impressionism that dominates this choral work has never ceased to pervade his methods, and we need scarcely readjust ourselves when we reverse the UNESCO record to hear the songs with orchestra by Delage, who is much indebted to his teacher, Ravel. The orientalism seems motivated by the same forces that gave rise to "Chansons Madécasses." But Delage has inventiveness of his own, too.

Returning to the Louisville commissions we find a very different orientalism in "And the Fallen Petals," and since the composer is Chou Wen-Chung it would seem to be the real thing (56-1). If the deep gonglike sounds and the interruptions suggest Chinese theatre they also suggest Varèse, to whom this composer is very devoted. It is not surprising for a young Chinese musician in New York to be attracted to an American exponent of percussion and pure timbres. The result is arresting but, as in the case of Varèse, the composer is obsessed by too few devices.

A COMMISSION to a faculty member of the University of Louisville was a nice gesture but it was also rewarding since George Perle's Rhapsody is one of the more adventurous works written for Louisville (545-9). Schoenbergian devices are used clearly and even somewhat personally, contrasting sustained lines with a restless figure that makes effective intrusions. The sudden end made me think a piece of tape had gone astray. More likely, Perle needs further opportunity to hear his music and view its shape objectively.

Milhaud's hand is unmistakable in "Mediterranean Overture": the flowing pastorale in compound ternary meter and the active scoring that is dense but has a silvery border (545-8). Its juxtaposition on the same side with Ulysses Kay's Serenade draws attention to his influence (among others) on this young American. Kay gives us more relief than Milhaud from the activity in the middle high range. The Serenade is a successful and serious work: well proportioned and also resourceful within the rhythmic and formal limitations of its rather standard contemporary American idiom. Robert Ward's "Euphony" is also a busy work (545-10). His devices seem to stem from Hindemith and Rochester.

—ARTHUR BERGER.

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When English Music Flourished

By HAROLD LAWRENCE

THE sudden decline of English music at the end of the seventeenth century gave rise to the still prevalent theory that England is not a musical nation after all. Even the most patriotic Britons, George Bernard Shaw wrote in 1894, could not escape the conclusion that certain irreparable damage had been done to the "construction of the English ear" after the death of Purcell. Shaw's own supposition was that the invasion of opera had broken up English music.

England's musical renown and productivity reached a climax in Elizabeth's reign. In scope this was truly a Golden Age, covering an astonishing variety of folk, secular, and liturgical music. One of the most remarkable interpreters of Elizabethan music today is the countertenor, or male alto, Alfred Deller. From boy soprano Deller's voice settled into a natural alto. Since there were no vocal teachers at hand who specialized in this rare timbre, Deller was compelled to train himself, and judging from his many fine recordings he has done an almost miraculous job. He first came to the public's attention when he sang in the inaugural concert of the BBC's Third Programme, and since then his fame has spread rapidly. Deller's first recordings were issued by His Master's Voice, but it took an independent American company fully to exploit his unique artistry on discs.

In the latest Vanguard release Deller is heard in each of the abovementioned facets of Elizabethan music. "The Three Ravens" (VRS 479 $4.98) is a collection of fifteen folk songs with accompaniments by Desmond Dupré, who also plays a pair of lute solos. Some of the best known songs are included: "I Will Give My Love an Apple," "Greensleeves," "The Oak and the Ash," "Barbara Allen," and "Waly, Waly." The recital is an unqualified triumph. Deller's phrasing glides above the plucked strings like a gull in flight, his intonation is ravishingly pure, and his voice is as cool as a mountain lake and at the same time possessed of warm and exciting undercurrents. This is a record that will bear repeated hearings.

Between 1588-1638 over ninety-two collection of madrigals were published in England. Today at least 1,000 of these madrigals by noted English composers are extant, most of which may be found in E. H. Fellows's monumental thirty-six volume edition, "The English Madrigal School." Vanguard has chosen to use the same title for its first volume (BG 553 $4.98) in a series performed by the Deller Consort, a sextet led by Deller, who also sings the alto part. Were the project comprehensive rather than selective all published Elizabethan madrigals would eventually be available on some seventy LP discs—a staggering thought to contemplate, even in this day of the "complete edition." I can think of no stronger recommendation for the present recording than to say that if such an undertaking were feasible it could be safely entrusted to the superb voices of the Deller Consort. The collection includes some of the better known madrigals by Morley, Weelkes, Bennet, Vautor, Edwards, Wilbye, and Ward.

The madrigal had been flourishing in Italy for thirty years before it caught England's ear. Until Yonge's "Musica Transalpina" (a collection of fifty-seven Italian madrigals) crossed the Channel in 1588 all prominent English composers devoted their main attention to music for the church. Thomas Tallis was one of the first to set to music English-language liturgical texts. The Deller Consort, this time consisting of five male voices, performs Tallis's "Lamentations of Jeremiah" and "Five Hymns for Alternating Plainsong and Polyphony." Of the two sides the more interesting is the "Lamentations." The work is divided in two parts, each concluding with a repetition of the word "Jerusalem." The poignant harmonic progressions of this phrase are movingly interpreted by the group, which seems to breathe as one multilinear voice throughout the performance. (BG 551 $4.98.)

In each of the three discs Deller and his singers are recorded under ideal acoustical conditions, which the engineers have captured with creditable fidelity.

IF Hamlet was the melancholy Dane. John Dowland was certainly the sorrowful Englishman. Considered the greatest lute player of his time, Dowland served as first lutenist to the King of Denmark between 1598-1606. (The King held court at the Castle Elsinore, later immortalized by Shakespeare.) Dowland was dubbed *semper dolens* by his contemporaries for the predominantly doleful character of his inspiration. A less familiar aspect of his music can now be heard in the first recording on LP devoted exclusively to Dowland's instrumental composition (EMS 12 $4.98). The title of the work is a long one: "Lachrimae or Seaven Teares figured in Seven Passionate Pavans, with divers other Pavans, Galiards, and Alemands, set forth for the lute, viols, or violins in five parts." One of the earliest forms of English chamber music, the "Lachrimae" was published in 1604. The Geneva Chamber Ensemble under Franz Walter turns in a sympathetic performance of excerpts from this appealing score.

A rather unusual idea is set forth in "An Evening of Elizabethan Verse and Its Music" (Columbia ML 5051 $3.98). Each song and madrigal in the collection is prefaced by a reading by W. H Auden of the poem upon which the music is based. Now, while it is imperative to be fully acquainted with the words must they be dinned into our ears every time we play the record? Even the poet's most sincere admirers will have to admit that Auden's forte lies in the pen not in the voice. A printed text would have sufficed. Noah Greenberg leads the New York Pro Musica Antiqua (featuring the countertenor Russell Oberlin) in spirited and assured performances of works by Morley, Gibbons, Dowland, and others. A technical note: the change in acoustical atmosphere from poet to musicians is disturbing, Auden's voice seems to overpower the microphone.

The jacket of a new Sunset LP (600 $3.98) is adorned with neither a likeness of the composer nor a photograph of the performers nor even of the city in which the music was composed. This is probably the first time in LP history that the man who wrote the program notes got his picture on the cover. His name is Aldous Huxley and the title of the record is "Aldous Huxley Presents the Madrigals of Gesualdo." Before you get the impression that Gesualdo is Huxley's protégé the former was an Italian composer who lived between 1560-1613. As for the performers, who call themselves "The Singers of Ferrara," there is no evidence that any of them come from the city in which Gesualdo wrote these marvelous works. Once these details have been gotten out of the way the record can be enjoyed for what it is. The group handles the difficult chromatic writing with ease and clarity, their intonation is true, and, under Robert Craft's direction, they phrase sensitively and are ever conscious of the intimate relationship between text and music.

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Beecham on "Bohème"

Continued from page 36

happens, dramatically. 'I didn't like it at all,' said Illica, 'but there it was'."

What about the oddity that in the early years of this century, when Puccini was new, the orchestration of "Bohème" was regarded in some quarters as "bizarre," "contrived," "overdone," etc. The conductor laughed. "You aren't referring to the consecutive fifths, that heinous crime of the classroom, which Puccini used quite consciously for an atmospheric effect? On the contrary, I would say that 'Bohème' is one of the most skilfully orchestrated scores we have. The use of the *glockenspiel,* or the chimes, or the big drum even—that bane of Italian opera—is here precisely related to what is happening on the stage. It is, in fact, an oddity that Puccini is not given due credit for being the master of orchestral writing that he is. The simple fact is that toward the close of the nineteenth century such men as Tchaikovsky and Strauss had evolved a formula for orchestration which they used more-or-less unchanged under almost all circumstances. Very good sound, to be sure, but tending to a certain sameness. With Puccini each score presents a different tonal quality —'Bohème' is as different from 'Butterfly' as 'Butterfly' is from 'Tosca.'

"I am always struck," he went on, "by Puccini's artistic resources, though many regard him as of an intellectually inferior order, as composers go. But the transitions and modulations from one episode to another in 'Bohème,' sometimes within a particular song or aria itself, show a very high order of musical craftsmanship. As for example, in the first act, during the narrative"—he hummed a few lines to illustrate his point—"the tenor is singing along in D flat when he comes to a certain point where a change is wanted. Puccini takes it immediately, without any preparation, into F—which, in this place, is exactly what is wanted. It always reminds me of the simple but highly dramatic effect with which Verdi uses the trumpets in the triumphal scene of 'Aida.' You know, the rise a step in the repetition. Anybody could do it who thought of it, but it is the kind of thought you must call inspired. It doesn't proceed from application of theory or what has been taught."

Mention of Verdi recalled an observation by Beecham in the same autobiographical volume previously noted to the effect that many operatic works are "admirably constructed, have capital stories and excellent music, but fail to hold the public attention really interested and absorbed. It is not easy to explain this; but the answer may lie in a highly-developed inner visual sense in the consciousness of supremely gifted writers for the theatre like Mozart, Verdi, Wagner, and Puccini that sees as in an everpresent mirror the progress of the drama running through every phrase, word, and action, and simultaneously evolves the right sort of music to go along with it." Reminded of the gist of this, Beecham replied: "I believe it must be something of the sort that distinguishes the composer like Puccini from others of possibly equal gifts who lacked that talent, or sense, or whatever you want to call it. Wagner, for example, didn't have it all the time. He stops to digress, to talk with himself, to talk to the audience quite outside the provocation of the dramatic sequence. Puccini almost always avoids that, though I must say I think in the famous moment in 'Tosca' when the heroine sings her song (and not a very good one, at that) in Act Two 'Vissi d'arte' is such a moment. It is quite clear that neither Illica nor Puccini knew precisely what to do with themselves, having interrupted Scarpia's villainous pursuit of the lady with the off-stage drums."

"But," he continued, "such lapses are very rare in the best of Puccini's work. Mind you, I am not here discussing the quality of the inspiration, about which every one will have his own opinion. Puccini did not strive for utterances on such a grand scale, say, as 'Wotan's Farewell' in 'Walküre,' where the expanse of the melody and the soaring sound of the orchestra are enormous. Nor did he fall to the monotony of the second act of 'Siegfried,' say, or the lengths of 'Götterdämmerung.' His art was a human and affecting one, perfectly appropriate to its subjects.

"I have made a practice," said Sir Thomas, "wherever I go to ask intelligent amateurs in this country or in my own, or in Italy where the number is much greater, who their favorite opera composer is. Almost without exception, whether they be well-versed in the subject, or cab drivers, or a lift operator, they will reply 'Puccini.' When I ask them to explain further their answer they will almost always say in effect, though the words may differ: 'He doesn't keep us waiting. He gets on with it.' And that is one of the abiding attractions of 'Bohème.' It doesn't keep us waiting. It does get on with it."

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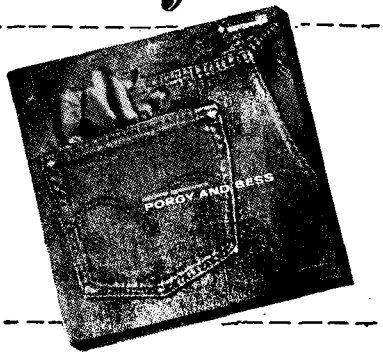

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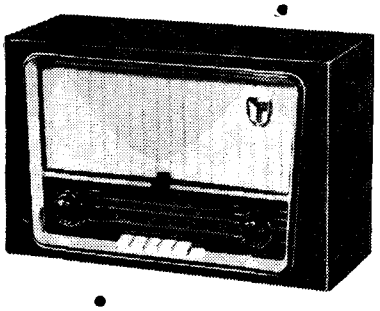

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Horowitz Plays Scriabin

LISTENING to this interesting new Horowitz recording we become aware of the degree to which Scriabin has been neglected although his manifold piano literature is rich enough to encourage many virtuoso-musicians. The first works (to Op. 20) are attributed to his earliest creative period. His style at that time was a continuation of Chopin's. The form of Scriabin's first compositions is also modeled on Chopin—études, mazurkas, waltzes, preludes. Scriabin's valuable miniatures, the twenty-four Preludes Op. 11, are written in the same traditional order of tonalities as Chopin's twenty-four Preludes. But even in this similar phase the "Russian Chopin" differs in one basic characteristic from the "Polish Chopin," namely, Scriabin does not use the beautiful folk motives that Chopin did. And therefore the so-called "spirit of Russia" is not present in the melodies and harmonies of Scriabin's music.

But the Chopin style was only the starting point for Scriabin's creative art. In later works, after Opus 20, Scriabin begins to bring in more independent ideas. He enters the new world of esoteric impressionism, based on his own harmonic system. This system is evident in subsequent works where ecstatic, dissonant chords in aggressive, complex rhythms meet unexpected, original modulations. Here is Scriabin the mystic and the visionary.

For this recording Horowitz has chosen Scriabin's Third Sonata and his sixteen Preludes, selected from ninety (and not eighty-five as is indicated on the cover). The name "Horowitz" is inseparably linked with the image of a cosmic technique. This can be explained. When we compare Horowitz's technique generally with that of another prominent virtuoso (let us say—Gilels) we discover that Gilels is a more balanced and universal technician than Horowitz. Horowitz, however, while not a universal technician has mastered certain areas of technique to such a high degree as to be unattainable by his most serious rivals. One can therefore say that on the pianistic horizon Horowitz represents a remarkable technical phenomenon, but a phenomenon with limits. In his latest recording Horowitz does not reveal that unique finger technique which is found in his older recordings, like the Czerny "La Ricordanza." But he has conveyed valuable musical concepts which prove his artistic imagination and pianistic ingenuity. These features are not easy to find in many virtuosos. His particular personality strikes us as ideal for the interpretation of Scriabin's music. The delicacy of his tone in some Preludes is impressive, and we may even wonder why Horowitz seldom uses in Chopin the same natural, convincing *rubato* which he so freely presents here, as in the Prelude Op. 11 No. 9.

Acoustical effects are of great importance in this music. Excellent pedaling has helped Horowitz to create a mysterious atmosphere in the Prelude Op. 11 No. 16 though pedaling is used too boldly in some sections of the Sonata. The character of Scriabin's music may occasionally demand a full harmonic sound at the cost of a protracted echo. Nevertheless, pedal effects are dangerous when they erase the border between acoustics and discord.

The *con grazia* section in the second movement of the Sonata is performed exceptionally well. Extraordinary too is Horowitz's rendering of the section marked *doloroso* (third movement), which is distantly reminiscent of Chopin's Étude in E flat minor. In the gloomy but interesting poetry of the Prelude Op. 51 No. 2 Horowitz is a remarkable interpreter, and he performs with volcanic vitality and phenomenal skill such Preludes as Op. 11 No. 14 and Op. 27 No. 1. Prelude Op. 59 No. 2, with its strange, suggestive mood, brings forth a masterly interpretation from Horowitz, who displays in it his best pianistic and musical qualities.

One of the secrets of transmitting esthetic impressions through sound lies in the choice of repertoire. The closer it is to the artist's character the better the result. With minor exceptions Horowitz has demonstrated in his Scriabin recording the complete harmony between the conceptions he intended and their full realization, in works that might have been written especially for him (RCA Victor LM-2005, $3.98). —JAN HOLCMAN.

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The Art of Marilyn Mason

By DAVID HEBB

MUSICIANSHIP and virtuosity are in themselves not enough to establish a widespread recognition of an artist's achievements in the concert field. Given an equal distribution of talent, much of the disparity lies in the performer's own choice of an instrument. The violinist will carve out more fame for himself than the virtuoso of the double-bass. The flutist easily becomes better known than the bassoonist, the trumpeter more famous than the tympanist.

Had Marilyn Mason chosen to be a pianist rather than an organist the chances are that her name would have a far more familiar household ring and be much more common in concert-goers' conversations. Her musicianship is sound, her style limpid without lacking vigor, her technique so smooth it is difficult to think of it as technique at all. It is not that Miss Mason is without recognition. She is on the faculties of two universities, and those who are themselves organists give her the acclaim reserved for artists of the top rank. Though she gave her first concert at the age of eleven (and had trouble reaching the pedals), she has never performed on the piano. For all its ubiquitousness, the piano is for her an instrument less able to express her ideas in music. Those ideas of interpretation range all the way from the precursors of Bach to contemporaries such as Schoenberg, whose "Variations on a Recitative" few other organists will attempt to play.

On the strength of her most recent recording, Marilyn Mason's army of loyal admirers will soon be legion. Volume VII of the Aeolian-Skinner Organ Company's series, "The King of Instruments," is called "Marilyn Mason in Recital." "The King of Instruments" is an increasingly interesting collection of LP recordings illustrating the personalities, the tonal characteristics, of a number of Aeolian-Skinner instruments. The organ Miss Mason plays is one of the earlier designs of G. Donald Harrison, dating from 1935. Generous in size, particularly lavish in the pedal division, it stands in the chapel of the Groton School in Massachusetts.

The program comprises a group from the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, and three significant contemporary works. Johann Walther, who was born a year later and died two years earlier than Bach, transcribed for organ a violin concerto by Giuseppe Torelli, to whom we give at least half the credit for initiating the concerto form. In a day when every popular song we hear is an "arrangement" it is interesting to see what a skilled hand did in the eighteenth century. The balance of the first side of this Mason recording comprises the Pachelbel partita, "Christus der ist mein Leben," a familiar hymn-tune; Kerll's "Cucu," one of the earliest examples of the Italian influence on German composition; and the Bach D-Major Prelude and Fugue. The music on the other side of the disc is devoted to two contemporary organist-composers, Robert Crandell and Searle Wright, both of whom regard the organ as an instrument of far greater potential than many listeners would imagine. Wright's setting of "Greensleeves" is ingenious, difficult, and well framed in a modern idiom. The Crandell "Carnival Suite" is particularly engaging listening. Both are quite a bit off the beaten track. On all points this is one of the finest organ performances thus far recorded.

ONE of the oddest architectural jumbles this side of the Atlantic, is the Cathedral of St. John the Divine which towers over Morningside Heights in upper Manhattan. The 600 feet of its nave make it the largest Gothic cathedral in the world, yet its construction was begun as Romanesque. It is the only building, according to what amounts to a trade jest among organists, where one can play the statement of a Bach fugue and hear it come back. For the record, the building has a volume of 16,000,000 cubic feet. Ernest M. Skinner constructed the original instrument in 1910, before the nave of the Cathedral was erected. In 1954 the Aeolian-Skinner Organ Company rebuilt the organ, adapting it to the needs of the larger building and bringing the tonal design more in line with today's tastes. Volume VI of Aeolian-Skinner's King of Instruments Series illustrates the new Cathedral organ as played by Alec Wyton, present organist of St. John the Divine. Generous use is made of tonal effects peculiar to this organ, notably the State Trumpet, whose sixty-one pipes jut out horizontally under the rose window at the west end of the Cathedral.

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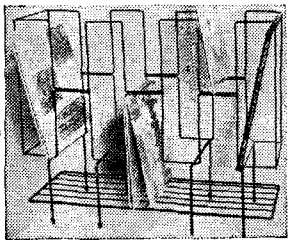

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Gulda Crosses Over

FOR those who have been watching the efforts of sundry jazz artists (led, of course, by Benny Goodman) to attain acceptance as interpreters of formal music over a twenty-year period it is something of a point in history to mark the first migration in the opposite direction. Friedrich Gulda's solid attainments as a performer in the piano literature of his native Vienna (Mozart, Beethoven, Schubert, Brahms, not to mention Bach and Chopin) are a matter of record in more ways than one. Some consider his phonographic playing of Beethoven's "Hammerklavier" sonata more to their taste than any other, and he has appeared with most of the symphony orchestras of this country under exacting circumstances.

Needless to say, Gulda's transition, which resulted in an engagement at Birdland (where the present recording, RCA Victor LPM 1355, was made) and participation in the recent Newport Jazz Festival, was nothing of an overnight affair. Stories of his interest in jazz have been circulating in Vienna for half a dozen years, and some incredulous stories have been told by reasonably qualified persons of his facility in the Yankee idiom.

However, there is no further need for second-hand opinions: the contents of the double sided LP called "Friedrich Gulda at Birdland" provides as much evidence as anyone requires to determine whether Gulda as a jazz pianist is a fish in or out of the water, fowl or foul. Six of the tunes, ranging from a Basie-type jump essay titled "Scruby" to an Ellingtonish mood piece called "Dark Glow" are credited to Gulda himself. If they are not bursting with originality, they are as idiomatic as nine-tenths of the "originals" that decorate discs these days, and pretty remarkable for a first outing.

As a jazz performer Gulda is facile, hard hitting, and capable of not merely the punchy exactness derived from his long schooling in the instrument (he uses, incidentally, a barely-in, barely-out-of tune piano altogether suited to the purpose) but also of a degree of rhythmic variety decidedly uncommon.

As this comment is concerned largely with Gulda as a jazzman against his background in concert music I wouldn't presume to evaluate the talents of the ensemble with him, save to say that Phil Woods impresses me as a first-rate alto sax, Jimmy Cleveland as a talented trombone player, and the rhythm duo of Aaron Bell (bass) and Nick Stabulas (drums) all they should be.

For the moment one may add that Gulda's assimilation of a seemingly alien idiom, path-breaking though it is, cannot be described as wholly unique. After all, a towering predecessor in the Viennese idiom—Artur Schnabel—spent many of his hours writing and performing twelve-tone music of a sort that made some of his best friends blanch. In terms of lucidity and communication Gulda may be closer to the musical heart of things than Schnabel was. —I. K.

Fritz Gulda Takes the "A" Train

By Charles Edward Smith

THIS train: sleek, sure, no long-lost local, brake-bound;
Hence these early arpeggios, steed-streaming.
Slow-fast. Fast-slow. One tempo—Time. Time is found
Ear-mind anchored, slow-fast-slow swish-sweeping.
(The Traveler Time, time hugs fast. Waits. Starts spending—
No watch, word-whisper, gnome or metronome.)
A liquid tone teases tension. Tired-taut strap-hold
Waits distance. Tunneling. Stride-sure. Swing impends.

Troll-tone of saxophone boldly blows, blending;
Root-rhythms brush brass, seek consonant sound integer,
Ground-free, gut-gone, stream-lined speed-shoring—
Dark dangerous dancers on a flawless flooring:
And we are, we are, gone now far from downtown,
Sweet star-flung journey swinging to an ending.

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Test Records and Their Use—I

By R. S. LANIER

THE amateur ambitious to better his hi-fi system has naturally bought, in quantities, the "test records" which have appeared on the market in large numbers lately. It is a beguiling idea to put a record on the turntable which will make clear how your outfit stands as to frequency response, distortion level, and all the other technical traits which affect the sounds it produces. Some of the things the test records purport to do they do easily and well, but other areas are full of pitfalls for the amateur user. The following is a brief summary of what and what not to expect from test records.

We consider here only those records intended to give technical information, and not that equally numerous class which has on it samples of instrumental and ensemble sound produced under various conditions. The earliest and still the commonest of the technical records is the frequency record. It has recorded on it a series of tones which range through some part or all of the tonal spectrum, from the sub-bass at, say, twenty cycles per second up to the highest harmonics, 15,000 cps. These tones are all supposed to be recorded at the same loudness. Thus if your outfit is really "flat" and "wide-range" it will reproduce from the record a series of tones of equal loudness, and any variations will tell you in what respects you have failed.

A fine idea, but some strong caveats must be introduced. *Listening* to a frequency record is no good at all, because (1) the ear does not discriminate closely enough, or remember loudness values long enough, to compare accurately the tones in a long series; (2) every room imposes its own pattern of frequency response on the sounds coming out of a loudspeaker, often a very quirky pattern indeed.

To escape these difficulties you must use a meter to read the strength of each of the tones in electrical form, just before it goes into the speaker. This eliminates the speaker from the measurement, but all the better. Anyone who has watched professionals use a roomful of equipment (also a highly trained doggedness) for measuring loudspeaker response knows that the amateur is totally lost in this setting.

But, unfortunately, the meter does not make everything easy. The signal levels coming off a frequency record can be strongly affected by a great variety of conditions, some of which are: (1) the pressure on the pickup stylus; (2) turntable leveling; (3) stylus wear; (4) at the highest frequencies the material in which the record is pressed; (5) wear of the frequency record itself. Moreover, it is extraordinarily difficult to make a record on which the various tones are all recorded at exactly the same strength. Some of those regarded as doing a good job in this respect are the Cook Series-10 records and an RCA 78-rpm frequency record, a standard for some years. Very recently the small firm Electra Records has issued a frequency record which seems to have excellent uniformity.

So if you have a new, unworn pressing of a frequency record which you know to be of high quality, your pickup is operating at exactly the right pressure on a level turntable, your stylus is not worn, and you have and know how to use a wide-range voltmeter, you may be able to get a pretty accurate idea of the frequency response of your pickup and amplifier together. Don't forget to set your amplifier tone controls to "flat" before running the test.

IF ACCURATE frequency runs are difficult for the amateur, accurate tests of intermodulation distortion using the test records designed for that purpose are next to impossible, without the full panoply of professional equipment and experience. The measurement is simply too sensitive to tiny variations in the operating conditions, including all those that affect frequency response, with the addition that flutter or wow in the turntable may confuse the reading with a false distortion signal.

Now let's talk about some tests that the records do pretty easily. The "tracking test" is provided on a number of records, such as the Dubbings "Phono-Test" record. Bands of tones at 400 cycles per second are recorded, each band jumping in volume over the preceding one. By listening carefully for a change in the tone as it comes from your speaker you can tell at what band your stylus loses full contact with the groove, because of insufficient downward pressure.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *This is the first of a two-part discussion of this subject.*

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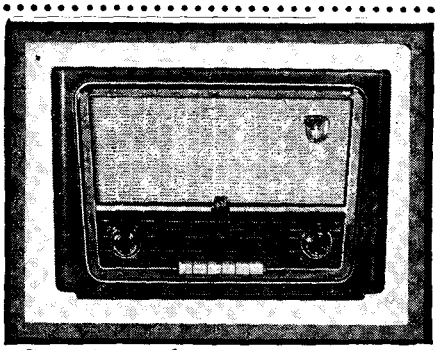

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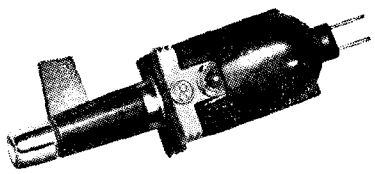

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LONDON.

THERE can be no doubt that in the first decade of its existence the Edinburgh Festival, whose conception we owe to the late Mrs. John Christie (Audrey Mildmay) and Rudolf Bing, has become the most attended annual event in Britain. If it cannot compare with such festivals as Salzburg or Bayreuth, which are based on local association with a great composer, it has certainly become the most remarkable gathering of international talent in the world today. Here, in a setting whose historical grandeur makes it an ideal backcloth for festive fare, the visitor can in the space of three short weeks listen to orchestras from Boston, Vienna, London, and even Scotland, as well as those veterans of five Edinburgh Festivals—the National Youth Orchestra of Great Britain, whose wonderfully enthusiastic performances have a habit of overshadowing those of their more polished elders; he can attend performances of works by Mozart, Cornelius, Strauss and Stravinsky by the Hamburg State Opera, chamber concerts and recitals by a score of celebrated soloists and ensembles, ballet by the Sadler's Wells Company and Indian dancing led by Ram Gopal, drama by Sophocles, Shakespeare, Shaw, Dylan Thomas, Goldoni, and Pirandello, Scottish music and dancing, art exhibitions, films, and if the weather is kind the spectacular Searchlight Tattoo held, as always, on the Esplanade of Edinburgh Castle.

Small wonder then that in the absence of new releases the current advertisements of several leading record companies—notably HMV and Columbia—feature recordings which "bring the music of the Edinburgh Festival into your own home" and others made by "Great Artists appearing at the Edinburgh Festival." Next month when the festival season comes to an end record reviewers will be asked once again to pay a heavy price for their temporary respite. The Decca group alone among the big companies has continued its chosen policy of spreading the load fairly evenly, regardless of season.

A CERTAIN measure of stocktaking can be expected every now and again when a company has succeeded in building up as comprehensive an LP catalogue as Decca's, which is, after all, the product of six years of unprecedented activity. Hitherto such refurbishing has mainly been confined to retransfers of earlier recordings without any attendant publicity; retransfers designed to improve sides which had proved troublesome with certain pick-ups, and to bring recordings into line with the playback characteristics adopted just over two years ago. Now, however, certain performances are being reissued officially in a format more in keeping with present-day competitive markets: thus we have this company's "Cav" and "Pag" recoupled on three discs; Curzon's fine reading of the Grieg Concerto, instead of occupying a whole twelve-inch disc, appears on a single side backed by "Nights in the Gardens of Spain"; Désormière's admirable "Coppelia" and "Sylvia" Suites, which delighted us on separate ten-inch discs way back in 1950, are joined together, etc.

Among the new issues the most ambitious is a set of three discs which should delight Francophiles: Molière's immortal comedy, "Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme." This is a sparkling performance, acted with immense gusto by a cast led by Bernard Blier and Marthe Mercadier, and includes, as it should do, Lully's enchantingly apt incidental music, admirably played and sung under the direction of Roland Douatte. Thanks to Decca's superior engineering and the exemplary clarity of diction which is so notable a feature of French acting, this is a recording which can be enjoyed even by those whose experience of the language does not extend beyond the schoolroom. —THOMAS HEINITZ.

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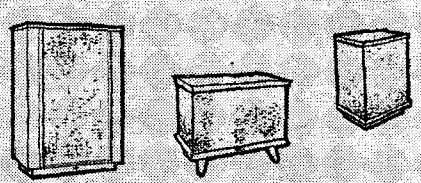

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Letters to the *RECORDINGS* Editor

THE MET RECORD CLUB

As a reader of your columns, a music lover, and a minister I should like to enlist your aid in correcting what I feel is an intolerable miscarriage of justice.

What I refer to is the questionable quality of the products being put out in the name of the Metropolitan Opera Record Club (a division of the Book-of-the-Month Club), and in particular to their second release, excerpts from "Rigoletto." What the Club purported to offer to the musical public was first-class recordings of excerpts from the Met repertoire (at a first-class price), and what they have succeeded in doing with the "Rigoletto" record is to proffer such a badly engineered record that it is an insult to the listener and a libel to fine singers who are made to sound like a bunch of fish-peddlers.

I know that the copy I received was not just an "off" pressing as I returned the first one and got a replacement. If you have heard the record yourself I needn't tell you that the second one sounded as metallic and uneven as the first one.

I have written complaints both to the Club and to the Board of Directors of the Metropolitan Opera Company; I am writing to the musical editor of *The New York Times* and the editor of *High Fidelity;* in the same vein I write to you.

(Rev.) Wm. R. Woofenden.

New York, N. Y.

ANTILL SECONDED

We have noticed with interest two letters which were directed to your Letters to Records Editor column (*SR* July 28). The first concerns reader C. H. Busquets's (Seattle) interest in John Antill's Suite from the ballet "Corroboree." This work is handled by the publication offices of Boosey & Hawkes and has been brought to the attention of American recording companies at frequent intervals. It is a vastly interesting work, and the use of various percussion instruments makes it a natural for hi-fi. You might inform the reader that this work was once recorded (78 RPM) by HMV recordings, Eugene Goossens conducting the ABC Sydney Symphony Orchestra.

We would also wish to advise reader Breuer (Elmhurst, N. Y.) that Bela Bartok's "Dorfszenen" has just been published in vocal score form with English text by Martin Lindsay. This is a Universal, Vienna, publication, all rights in the United States owned and controlled by Boosey & Hawkes, Inc.

Bob Holton,
Rental Department,
Boosey and Hawkes, Inc.

New York, N.Y.

SUPPORT FOR SHAN-KAR

Please add my vote in favor of an LP release of Shan-Kar's "Program of Hindu Music" (*SR* July 28). I won't give up hope that it's forthcoming. In recent years, in the wake of outstanding dance groups, there have been issued two excellent LP albums, one of Balinese music and the other of Japanese. The Shan-Kar album rightfully belongs to this group; and added material should have been acquired during his last visit to our country.

Carl Werner.

Pelican Lake, Wisc.

In regard to the letter from L. Windreich (*SR* July 28) about the Uday Shan-Kar album, I would like to call his attention to the recently issued "Anthologie de la Musique Classique de l'Inde" issued by UNESCO in Paris, 1956 (Maison de l'Unesco, 199 Avenue Kléber Paris XVI). This splendid set, consisting of three LPs, was edited by the authority on Hindu music, Alain Daniélou, and is a much more ambitious project and as fine artistically as the old Shan-Kar album. Incidentally, Shan-Kar's own brother is included among the many instrumentalist (sitar) performers of the new set. If Mr. Windreich is a true lover of Hindu music he might appreciate word of this fine UNESCO album, which is of outstanding importance not only to every student of musicology but also to every music-lover who has learned to hear.

William L. Pucell.

Philadelphia, Pa.

"TRAGIC" DILEMMA

Regarding Fred Grunfeld's criticism of the Munch-BSO unconvincing rendition of the Brahms "Tragic Overture" the question is raised, "What, after all, does it have to say?" Where on microgroove can the answer best be found?

Richard H. Gold.

New York, N.Y.

Editor's Note: *The question was rhetorical.*

IRREPLACEABLE HEARING AID

Tom Van Dycke's letter (*SR* July 28) differs with my generally complimentary review of Istomin's recordings of the Chopin Nocturnes (*SR* May 26). It is his privilege, but when he questions the condition of my "hearing aid" he is on positively telepathic ground. The one I use for the Nocturnes was a "gift" from Josef Hofmann. I've been using it for over thirty years and really—I've looked and looked and looked, and find it quite irreplaceable.

Abram Chasins.

New York, N.Y.

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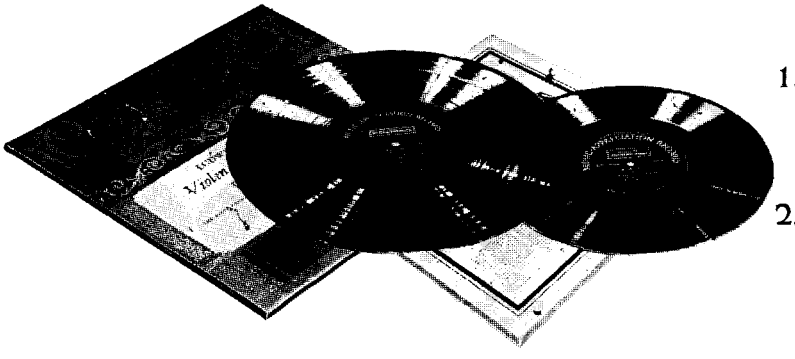

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